



**PUNK
PLANET**

The Back To Skool Issue

ISSUE #3 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1994 TWO DOLLARS



Learn your student's rights. Learn sordid details about Jawbreaker, Blanks 77, Defiance, and Propagandhi, learn to read short fiction, learn to practice consumerism through the purchase of records and magazines! Learn all this and more!!!



OK, maybe you all are scared, or maybe you just don't like our zine, or what, I don't know, but we haven't gotten ANY submissions from people like you (the reader). Perhaps We're just not making ourselves clear: **We will accept anything** (articles, short stories, D.I.Y. info, comics, interviews, scene reports, pictures, anything) of course, that does not mean that all submissions will be printed (but really your chances of getting in are VERY good). Go for quality. A good story will be printed over a bad one, a good interview (one that is interesting and goes beyond the "so what's your favorite tour story") will get priority over a bad one, and so on. Now, maybe you think that the band you want to interview isn't punk. Chances are, it is! Interview them (all interviews should be accompanied by photos), and we'll sort it out.

We are strictly volunteer run and make no profit what so ever off of this publication (hell, we're losing money). All money made goes back into Punk Planet. We will review any record or zine as long as it is not on a major label (even if the band itself is, but the record is not) and will not be biased as to whether it is punk or not, since we have about as little a clue what that means as you do. We hope you enjoy this issue, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway (isn't it cute how we always end this part that way). -The eds

Too Many Addresses

the general confusion from all these different addresses is STAGGERING. Please, just read who gets what and send it there. If you are still confused, just give the PPInfoline a call, and we'll tell you where to send stuff

Distribution information, Mailorder information, Ads being sent in, General Correspondence, and random acts of kindness to:

Punk Planet

P.O. Box 1711 Hoboken, NJ 07030-9998

make any and all checks & money orders to Julia Cole.

Please send all submissions and LETTERS!! to:

Punk Planet North

PO box 1559 Chicago, IL 60690

Fanzines & Records for review go to, by the way, you can send UPS here:

Punk Planet South

c/o Will Dandy

Route 2 Box 438 Leeds, AL 35094

starting next issue (yeah, sure), we will be dedicating a few pages to Punk Events please send all information pertaining to your event to:

Punk Planet West

c/o Lois Lane

P O Box 84253, San Diego CA

For all you electronic whizzes (and really, who isn't) letters and submissions can be sent to:

PunkPlanet@aol.com

And finally, the direct line to a good time: the PPInfoline, find out ad availability, submission information, and distro goodies.
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The Solar System

Dan Sinker- Planeteer recruiter, Grammar king, Layout cheerleader, coordinator, mailing, ad layout, the biggest sucker of them all!!!

Will Dandy- Ad God, Distribution whiz, coordinator, zine & record collector, sucker

Karen Fisher- Layout Goddess, sucker

Julia Cole- on vacation and on TV (and aren't we jealous!!)

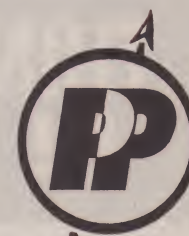
Bob Cole- Julia's husband, not on vacation, back of steel.

Kristen Francis- Ad Layout Genius, AWOL?

Planeteers

Larry Livermore
 Jim Testa
 Dave Hake
 Darren Cahr
 Jim Connell
 Matt Berland
 Steve Cook
 Jon Entropy
 Dave Larson
 David Selevan
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 John Zero
 Eric Action
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hey! it's all boys. What gives??





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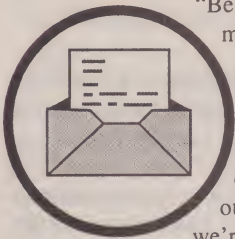
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"Beware that, in fighting monsters, we do not become monsters ourselves."

Friedrich Nietzsche

We all like to think of ourselves as artistic in our own lives. Whether we're having a good time,

doing what's necessary to survive, or fighting the good fight against whatever evils we perceive need to be combated, we all would hope that we are being innovative and creative in what we're trying to do. Unfortunately, most of us spend too much of our time reacting to things, and not being original in our approaches, especially against what we don't like and oppose.

Being reactive can take on a number of forms. The main one is that we become like the thing we don't like. If someone we don't like is a sarcastic jerk, we often feel like we have to be ten times as sarcastic in order to deal with his or her attitude. Another way that we can be reactive is by doing the exact opposite thing that we don't like. So, if someone is very controlling, we become very non-controlling. Whether or not these reactions are appropriate is not the point. Neither is at all creative, innovative or interesting. In fact, both make us real predictable and quite dull.

That's my impression in general of the first issue of *Punk Planet*. When I first picked it up and glanced through it, I thought, "Oh no, *MRR* Junior." There's hundreds of different ways to lay out and produce a 'zine, so why do a take-off on the newsprint, black-and-white, columns-scene reports-interviews-reviews format that makes *MRR* so ugly? If its to prove that it can be done better and nicer, then *Punk Planet* is largely a waste of time.

My first impression in reading *Punk Planet* basically confirmed my feeling that the 'zine is not much more than a reaction to *MRR*. Many of the columnists talk exclusively about their reactions to Tim Yohannan's new, restrictive music policy. Other than that, there does not seem to be any unifying factor holding the 'zine together. I don't see wanting to make a viable alternative to *MRR* as reason enough for *Punk Planet*'s existence. There should be some kind of shared ideas or vision or concerns that the 'zine can use as a focus. And finally, the attitude that "we don't know what punk is any more than you do" is exactly the opposite of Tim Yohannan's approach, and equally as piss poor. On those grounds, someone could submit music that would be suitable for Windham Hill, call it punk, and *Punk Planet* would have to review it. The way to respond to *MRR*'s excessively restrictive music standards is NOT to have no standards at all, but to do some real thinking to come up with rea-

sonable, intelligent standards.

Human beings are deforesting the planet at an alarming rate. Rain forests are going under the ax without regard to the hundreds of species that become extinct every day as a consequence. At this point, *Punk Planet* is just a waste of good trees. Unless the 'zine can figure out what it wants to be and do, independent of Tim Yohannan and *MRR*, then the name will be its ultimate irony; a publication that contributes to an ugly punk planet completely stripped of forests and the animals that used to live in them.

Andy Social

Punk Planet came about because of the changes in policy that happened at MRR early this year. The first issue of Punk Planet (which you are writing about) dealt a lot with that period of time, and people's personal reactions and feelings about it. Yes, Punk Planet started as a reaction to MRR. We never hid and said that it didn't! It would have been even more stupid for us to have denied MRR's existance and influence on punk at all, and just lied and said what we were doing was an entirely different and original idea? I don't think so.

As far as being "MRR Jr", I almost take that as a compliment. You saw ONE ISSUE (the first issue at that) and instantly comparied it to MRR, a magazine that has been creating itself for TWELVE YEARS. That's an accomplishment if you ask me. If with the first issue, we are already at the level of MRR (according to you), then where will Punk Planet be in twelve years?

I have to entirely disagree with you when you say that being an alternative to MRR is not reason enough to exist. Since when has being a vital part of an ongoing discourse (that of punk culture) not been reason to exist? I would like to think that we are giving a voice to concerns in areas and ways that MRR has not covered. That goes for both opinions AND music.

I ask you this: if a punk label spends its money creating and promoting a band that sounds like something on Windham Hill, why WOULDN'T we review it?? Obviously the people that put it out and sent it to us thought it was punk, so why shouldn't we???

Finally, I find it hard to buy your argument that Punk Planet is destroying the worlds precious forests, when you criticized us for publishing on newsprint, which is 100% recyclable.

Most importantly though, I hope you watch (and help) Punk Planet grow.

Dan



Hello,

I'm writing to inform you that the information regarding the band "Not My Son" in PP#1 (Seattle scene report)

is incorrect, though we do appreciate Dave Larson for mentioning us.

At this time we are planning on moving to Texas (San Antonio) in January and are looking for a drummer who is willing to relocate there. If anyone is interested please write.

Also, there aren't any demos (ran out about a year ago) but we do have 7" for \$3.00 ppd.

Thank You,
Carol Steele
NOT MY SON
323 Broadway Ave E. Suite 1105
Seattle, WA 98102



I just finished reading yourzine 'Punk Planet' and found that it is a total criticism of M.R.R. yet practically laid out like M.R.R. I dont understand why so many people dont

understand what Tim Yohannon is trying to do. He is simply making M.R.R. a zine that only covers Hardcore/punk. What is the problem with that? Its his mag he can do what he wants! When he refuses to cover certain things that arent Hardcore/punk he has every right to. Personally i like other forms of music besides hardcore/punk, but when i open MRR I only want to see hardcore punk. even though I like other music forms; hardcore punk will always be #1 for me. There was a time when I could page through M.R.R. and find 99% hardcore/punk. However in the past few years many other forms of music were in M.R.R. and being someone who buys records through the mail I was many times disappointed to read a review of a record saying how punk it was only to get it and hear music that was anything but hardcore/punk. Believe me it sucked. So instead of tearing the hell out of a mag that has done so much good over the many years; why don't you guys just work on your zine and put in it exactly what you want!?

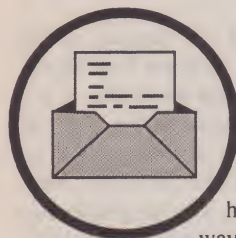
As far as bands going to majors I don't care. Most of those bands aren't what I consider punk/hardcore and I wouldn't buy their records wheather they were on a label run out of some guys house down the street or if they were on a huge corporate label, but I sure would be mad if a favorite band of mine was talking

against Major labels and corporations since their start and then decided to sign with a major and then the price of their records and shows doubled and tripled that would make me very mad. Not to mention that they would be going against everything that most of these bands hold dear to them (at least when they started out and need everyone to like them), and I can't stand a person or group of people who suddenly change their ethics, values and principles for a few \$. (or any amount of money) So think about all that and I wish you luck with your zine.

Sincerely,
Mike Beer City
PO Box 494
Milwaukee, WI 53122-0494

PS Skate Tough! F.S.U!

WARNING TO ALL PUNK PLANET READERS: in Punk Planet you may find reviews of, interviews with, or references to bands that are not 99% hardcore punk. Consider yourself warned.



Dear Punk Planet,

Since zines are supposed to go to one location and correspondence another, I'll just hope this letter finds its way into the right place and

the proper hands.

I really like the zine, and think it is a noble effort. However, the repeated references to MRR are tiresome and sometimes seem a bit petty (ie, the "BANNED" remarks on the record reviews), and I hope that it is a short lived habit. Afterall, Punk Planet isn't going to be much of an "alternative" if it is constantly referring to it and comparing itself to MRR.

Otherwise I do think Punk Planet does have potential to be a new outlet for creative projects, which is great. So, thanks, and good luck.

Sincerely,
Tyson McCreary
13393 La Barr Meadows
Grass Valley, CA 95949

Tyson (and the multitude of others that have complained about the BANNED feature)- You will notice that starting this issue we have stopped using the BANNED reference in our record reviews. This has something to do with the negative response we have received about it, but actually has more to do with the fact that we have NO WAY of knowing that a record got refused by MRR, unless we are told by the label. Since no label has actually told us that they have been refused by MRR (although that doesn't

mean that they haven't been), we have stopped including it in record reviews.

Dan



Will,

Hi, Dave Coker here. This is my fanzine "Personal Politics." I'd rather not have this issue reviewed in "Punk Planet"

because A) We went to a new printer and he kinda fucked up and B) I kinda fucked up in a few places.

So why am I sending it? 'Cuz I wanna tell you that "Punk Planet" is the coolest 'zine I've seen EVER!! It's MRR without all the shit being talked and negative attitudes. Sometimes (a lot lately) I've felt like MRR has been bringing down the scene overall. "Punk Planet" is dedicated to furthering punk and its positive aspects. I really respect that. I also caught a copy of yer 1 pg. 'zine, "Quality Control" and I liked it as well. Remember, please don't review this issue #5 will blow this one outta the water. Thanks for giving a shit.

Dave
Personal Politics
POB 644
Banner Elk, NC 28604

Actually, I liked Personal Politics a lot despite what you said. I can relate a lot to being a loser. Anyways. Thanks for your encouragement; it helps keep us going and please send future issues of your zine to us to review. What really scares me is how you got a copy of my one-pager. I only had it sold at one record store and sent it to two people. That's really weird, but glad you liked it too.

Keep in touch,
Will Dandy



hey, kids, in your issue #2 of PP, you forgot one thing in the cool beans interview: how to get on to the BBS!!!

i have never used a BBS and you all never mentioned how to use cool beans bbs or what the email address for matt kelly is. if you know this info then let me know...

oh yeah i liked your zine overall. good job
love cameron
madchild@u.washington.edu

First, I am wondering why a guy who sends his letter over the internet is having trouble signing onto a BBS. But for those who don't know how to figure it out, here's how:

1. Get a modem and hook it up to your computer and your telephone. I don't know how to do this part, unfortunately. Find someone to do it for you (that's what I did).
2. Make the modem dial the Cool Beans! phone number (1-415-648-7865). I don't know how to tell you to do this part, either. It will depend on what kind of software came with your modem and what kind of computer you have. I pull down the menu entitled "Phone" and then "Dial..." It's probably something equally simple.
3. The phone will dial, you will hear ringing and then a strange and lovely screeching sound (my favorite part). When you are connected, the first message that appears will ask you whether you want graphics/color. If you have a Mac or don't know whether your computer supports this, pick "N" for no, or you will get totally fucked up.
4. Type in "NEW" when it asks you to enter your name.
5. Now you will go to the New User Menu. Choose "R" to register as a new user; then push the ENTER (or RETURN) key when it tells you to do so.
6. You'll be treated to a little introduction, then just follow the prompts; they will tell you what info to type in (your address, etc.) and when. Push the ENTER (RETURN) key after you type out each line. Remember to choose the name you will be using on-line, so if you want your on-line persona to have a cool name, do it here! Pick something you can live with, and that you don't mind being identified with.
7. After you get signed on you will be subjected to menus (lists) which will take you to different areas on the board. You can send mail, read messages, post messages or whatever. Choose "M" if you want to read mail, for example. It's not as easy as being on a graphical interface BBS like CompuServe or AOL, you kind of have to feel your way thru and figure it out as you go along. It's more rewarding when you do, believe me. In fact, I don't know why I'm being so patient with you...go do it yourself!

Karen Fisher

Hey Kids, KEEP THAT MAIL COMING IN!!!
send all correspondence to:
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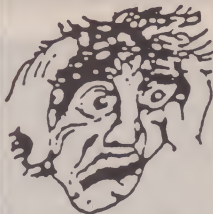
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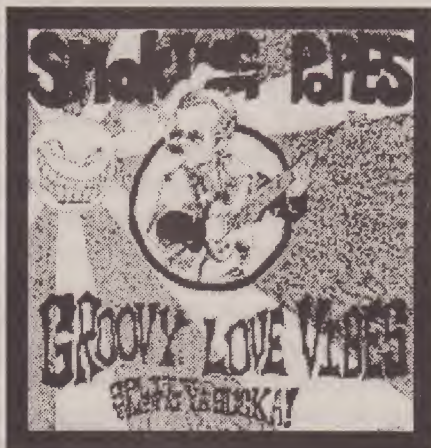
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Karen Fisher

I like the fall. One reason is that summer is finally over. Summer is too bright and sunny, with too many people everywhere (at least here in San Diego). I guess the cool breezes of autumn also bring up all the emotions associated with back to school, mainly my elementary school days. I was a nerd and a goof-off, but in grade school everyone loved me, teachers and fellow students alike. Every fall my mom would take me to Sears and we'd pick out new clothes, complete with matching barrettes and hair ribbons. Then we'd go get some new pencils and goofy animal-shaped erasers, a brand-new shiny lunchbox and other necessary back to school supplies. To this day I love the smell of the stationery store and I wish they still made those metal lunchboxes.

But as the years went on, school was not so fun for me anymore. My family moved and suddenly I was not popular. In fact, I was incredibly unpopular; I actually started getting laughed and pointed at. Junior high was probably the worst time ever to start a new school. All the kids had long straight hair; girls wore shorts, tube tops and thongs to school. I was used to wearing little jumpers and oxford shoes with thick socks, I looked like a little baby next to those surfer babes. I guess my glasses and braces didn't help matters. I was totally out of it. I was teased and derided almost every single day. I spent all my time hiding from people and had a constant sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.

As the years went on and I got into high school, things got a little better. My sense of humor made me a few good friends and got me some laughs in class. Some of my friends tried out for cheerleader and instantly became ultra-popular. I tried out the same year and failed miserably. After another year of anonymity, I tried out again and made it my senior year. Luckily for me,

at my school, the entire student body didn't vote for the cheerleaders, only teachers and a few graduating seniors. Yes, I was a high school cheerleader. Although it didn't mean as much as it might have in other schools, I might as well not try to hide it. Nevertheless, I never did enter the elite inner circle. I don't know why I tried so hard to do so. It was pretty pathetic. People talked to me and said hi, but I'd hear about their parties and weekend episodes and wonder why I never was included. There was just the constant feeling of people looking down on you, judging you if you wore something, said something, or did something they had privately deemed unacceptable. Trouble was, you never were quite sure what would make that cut. I had two or three close friends and that was it. They were really good friends (and still are) but unfortunately for me they were very pretty and I always compared myself to them, falling short of their social status (especially with boys). I never had a date in high school. My girlfriends would try to fix me up with friends of their boyfriends, but the response was always the same: "Aah, well, Karen's just too smart/funny for him." Translation: she's too weird. This happened so often it became an inside joke with my friend Tracy and me. I went to two dances in my life; the first junior high dance and the first high school dance. During both I spent the whole time trying to look casual and pretend I didn't care no one was talking to me (let alone asking me to dance with them). That was only the social side of it. As for the academic part? Well, if you expressed any intelligence in class (especially if you were to express an original thought rather than to just regurgitate a fact found in the textbook) you were laughed at — just more proof that you were a nerdy goon and not one of "them." And what of the teachers who were in on the conspiracy — fawning over the pretty and popular kids, neglecting and demeaning the potheads or other social misfits?

In high school I got into some relatively minor scrapes with "the law," meaning the vice-principal's office. My

smart mouth got me into trouble with a couple of teachers who thought I would be best dealt with there. So for talking in class or otherwise expressing myself as an individual (very minor offenses, believe me), I was repeatedly raked over the coals; told of the many variations on which I was an unacceptable and totally worthless person; had the complete litany of derogatory remarks then repeated to my parents; and was punished for weeks of detention or "trash pick-up." I hate to think how people who really did something "wrong" got it. I know everyone must say this, but we must have had the meanest and ugliest girls' vice-principal ever. She was truly evil.

All of these experiences led to my constantly doubting my own worth as a person. Throughout it all, I wondered about all the well-meaning adults who were constantly ordering me to enjoy my school years, that "these are the best of your life!" I couldn't imagine that this was the best it ever got. I still have a tendency to fall into bouts of depression, but during my teenage years it got pretty black at times. If I ever thought of suicide, the thought that it never got any better was almost enough to push me over the edge. To tell you the truth, if I wasn't so scared of the pain or of failing to finish myself off completely, I probably would have done it.

I'm not whining when I look back at all this. I know many, many kids had/have it much, much worse. Although I constantly fought with my parents (esp. my mom), and was constantly on restriction (from all the social activities I was never invited to), I knew my parents loved me for who I was, and never abused me. I also had one or two teachers who praised academic excellence and challenged me not to be embarrassed of my intelligence (my AP English teacher actually used to make fun of me in my cheerleading uniform — I secretly loved her for recognizing the geeky and smart side of me, which I was trying so desperately to hide). Despite the pain and heartbreak of those years, they are actually quite amusing for me to look back on now. I went to my ten-year reunion and my eyes were really opened. Some of the people that I thought had it all together at the time are pretty pathetic now. Their golden youth gone, they've got nothing left to strut about.

Their main satisfaction in life is to look back and remember how great they once were. Great in comparison to a bunch of others small-minded teenagers? How sad. Yes, some others in my class became "successful," but they also appeared to be cokeheads or otherwise unconnected to unreality, still concerned with petty things like money, clothes and cars. What was surprising to me was that most of the nerdy or generally socially-unaccepted kids had blossomed into the most interesting and creative adults, with really cool jobs and/or lives. I felt like the kids who had constantly looked down on me were now wistfully looking up to me. I felt powerful over them at long last. I was really enjoying my life and was my own person, comfortable with who I was and proud to be different, while they appeared to be nothing more than empty shells of people. Their teenage superstar personas no longer fit. Somehow the tables had turned. If you want to learn a lesson from my life, don't spend so much time worrying about what everybody else thinks and just do or say or wear whatever you feel. Be brave, be proud to be smart and different. You'll win out in the end.

I remember reading a story in the Sonic Youth fanzine about how classmates used to call Thurston Moore "Devo" and beat him up because they thought he was a geek for acting differently than the rest. Lou Barlow and others that took part in the same discussion had had similar experiences. In fact, I've noticed that almost every interview I've read of anyone I respect as an original artist, or any person I've met whom I admire for their individuality, relays a similar background of being one of the "losers" in school. At the time, it seems like the pit of hell. But these experiences seem to make us stronger in our future lives. Those who had it easy in school, breezing through on their looks and popularity, are in for a shock when they get to the real world where brains and original thoughts are worth something (well, most of the time).

Now it seems like the alternative look has become the cool way to

dress and act. I don't know how kids try to express individuality against that. I think it kind of defeats the purpose to get a tattoo, dye your hair or pierce your nose just because it's the cool thing to do and everyone else is doing it. Hell, there are national magazines teaching teenagers how to dye their buzzcuts blue. All I can say is, for anyone who's still stuck in that horrible nightmare of phoniness and repression called junior high or high school, please hang in there and know that these are NOT the best years of your lives. The best is yet to come, if you hang onto that originality and weirdness for which you are now ridiculed, or even punished. Those talents just may be your ticket out. **Tell me how lame I am for playing the game and being a high school cheerleader. I swear, I never used pom-poms! P.O. Box 84253, San Diego, CA 92138, or e-mail me at loislame@aol.com**

Darren Cahr

When I think of school, I think of the \$91,000 in debt that I currently owe to banks and the government. I spent nine years of primary school, four years of high school, four years of college, and three years of grad school (that's twenty years for those of you keeping score at home) educating myself so that I could enter the world burdened with a kind of colon numbing deficit that even our own government would never accept.

I am an idiot.

But that isn't the real subject of this column (though I'm sure I could put together a "Top Ten Reasons Why I'm An Idiot" list with little or no help from my friends. For example, Number 7: I still enjoy seeing the Rollins Band. But I digress). The real subject of this column is the fact that this nation is the only major industrial power that doesn't think educating its populace is something worth paying for.

Which is hardly the most shocking revelation for any of you lucky enough to be

stuck like a fly in the ointment in some prison/high school currently operating in any of the major metropolitan disaster regions of this nation. How many of you go to schools full of teachers too shell-shocked (and too underpaid) to give half a shit about your educational needs? How many of you have virtually no access to computers, no access to modern textbooks, and no science labs to speak of?

Most kids in this country go to schools exactly like that and worse. Far worse. Which is why Costa Rica has a higher literacy rate than the United States, and the reason why something like half of the students in the city of Chicago drop out before graduation. And you want to know why this is? I'll give you one word:

Greed.

Suburban property owners throughout this nation (and by that I mean everywhere except for the state of Michigan) have created a system whereby the vast majority of funding for schools comes from local property taxes. If you live in suburb X, most of the money for the school district of X comes from X. Simple enough. But what this means is that if you move to a wealthy suburb, you can have \$10,000 per student per year spent on your education, because they don't have to share the money with any other district. If you live in, say, a poor black suburb on the south side of Chicago, you get something like \$3,000 per year per student spent on your education, because the rich suburb doesn't have to spread its education dollars around to anyone. This means that (in case you didn't already know it) that if you're born with privilege, you have the opportunity to receive an education. If you're poor, well, maybe (if you're lucky) you can scrape one together.

The fact that the quality of your education in this country depends almost entirely upon how much money your parents have is absolutely disgusting and the root cause of a good percentage of the problems this country faces. You think if the population of this country was educated to extent that they should be that

we'd have such an impoverished underclass? You think we'd have a government distantly related to economic reality and even more distantly related to anything bordering on effectiveness? You think that your "free" public education is the same as everyone else's in this country? Guess again.

You are getting fucked.

There is nothing more important to the essence of punk than education. This is, to many, a silly and (perhaps) naive notion. But without a true vision of the world, one that encompasses everything from Adam Smith and Marx to Minor Threat and De Toqueville, you've limited yourself and, by extension, limited what you can ever accomplish. It's easy (and fatuous) to scrawl "ANARCHY" on a wall without actually understanding the political theory behind it. Noam Chomsky, in his infinite wisdom, describes for us the ways in which we are manipulated by the media in subtle ways that are almost impossible to detect. Impossible, that is, unless you have a real understanding of history and government and the political process. Then, you can pick out the deceptions, see the subtle lies, and understand how to really change things. You want to know why most people in this country (and the rest of the world, for that matter) sit on their asses and complacently twiddle their thumbs while atrocities are committed in their name? You want to know why the population of this country buys the lies? It's because they don't have any idea, any idea at all. In every sense of the word.

But I digress. Education money is thrown around in this country as though nickels were manhole covers. And no one cares, because the people who are getting fucked don't have the knowledge to see it, and the people who are doing the fucking don't want to give up the huge subsidy they're giving to the spoiled whelps they send to "public" schools that received three times the money that other school districts receive. Not that I'm bitter.

You want to know what's wrong with this country?

School.

And maybe we're all idiots for not seeing it sooner.

Kerosene@aol.com

Jim Testa

You don't get a lot of chances in life to start over again, to reinvent yourself and make a new beginning. But going away to a new school - be it your freshman year of high school, or the start of your college career - is one of them. So I thought it might be useful this issue to give you a fable.

This story was inspired by the great American humorist George Ade. For some reason, they don't seem to teach humor in school; I doubt you've ever been made to read anything by George Ade, Jean Shepherd, James Thurber, Dorothy Parker, or Ambrose Bierce for an English class, but that doesn't mean you can't go to the library and check out their books for yourself. Humorists put a different spin on the world, making the mundane seem surreal and, more importantly, funny. And sometimes it helps to know that what seems like the worst moment of your life is something you'll laugh about a few years from now. Anyway, here's our story:

The Story Of The Plowhorse And The Thoroughbred

Jack and John met for the first time on the first day of their freshman year at college, when they arrived at their dorm and discovered that the Admissions Dept. had decreed that they would be roommates. The two couldn't have been more different: John came from a middle class family with a lot of children. His parents really couldn't afford college, but John spent most of his high school years studying his butt off, wound up valedictorian, and managed to win a small academic scholarship that paid part of his tuition. After he had sold his car and gotten a part-time job making

pizzas during school, he just barely managed to scrape by. Jack, on the other hand, came from a rich suburban home but was going to college for free on a soccer scholarship.

John spent most of his freshman year in the library, relentlessly studying and writing term papers - that is, when he wasn't sweating bullets for minimum wage at the pizzeria. Jack hurt his knee the first week of practice, but the coach liked his spirit and anyway, he had a no-cut guaranteed scholarship, so he was waived from practice and wound up with a lot of time on his hands. Since Jack was taking a light liberal arts curriculum, he wound up spending a lot of time at the campus radio station. At the end of freshman year, he decided to pledge Tau Kappa Kappa, the most popular fraternity on campus. All the frat brothers loved his easy going style and the girls went crazy over his scruffy good looks, so at the end of the pledge drive, he was unanimously voted into the fraternity by the other brothers.

Sophomore year found John back in the dorms - all he could afford - and taking accelerated science and math courses to help speed along his studies. He missed the Sophomore Dance and Homecoming - the pizzeria put him on overtime to help cater a party at Tau Kappa Kappa, where Jack was elected the Social Chairman. At Christmas, John decided not to go home for the holidays and stayed on campus to cram for midterms. Jack went on a skiing trip to Aspen with his frat brothers. As the second semester began, John discovered he had aced all his courses, and Jack was elected Program Director at the campus radio station.

Junior year was a real grind for poor John. The pizzeria had gone out of business over the summer and the university had raised tuition, so he wound up working two part-time jobs, one in the campus cafeteria as a busboy and another delivering Chinese food on a bicycle. Jack helped organize a concert for the radio station and managed to book the Lemonheads, Smashing Pumpkins, and Green Day. The concert was such a success that the dean appointed Jack head of the campus concerts committee. John went on academic probation for missing two tuition payments in a row, but by the end of junior year, he had made

Dean's List for the sixth straight semester.

Senior year began as Jack was elected president of Tau Kappa Kappa and pulled off a real coup by booking Toad The Wet Sprocket and the Spin Doctors for Homecoming. In fact, he spent so much time on the concerts committee that he couldn't finish his Senior Honors Thesis. Luckily, one of his frat brothers had a collection of old theses that alumni had left behind and Jack found one that was right up his professor's alley. He just had it retyped and put his name on it and got a B+. He graduated with a C+ average without actually opening a book his last three months of school. After pulling three consecutive all-nighters, John on the other hand aced all his finals and was chosen class Salutatorian, but missed Graduation because he had to work that day.

John interviewed feverishly with prospective employers during the last months of senior year, but found the job market for biological science majors wasn't very good. One of Jack's many girlfriends had an older brother who worked at Polygram Records and he hired Jack as a A&R man for \$50,000 with an expense account, company car, and points in any band he signed. He quickly signed a group that used to play parties at Tau Kappa Kappa who went on to have a gold record, which meant a hefty \$100,000 bonus and promotion. John finally found a job as a research assistant for a pharmaceutical manufacturer for \$25,000 a year, but he had to relocate to Pittsburgh.

Moral: There are at least two kinds of education.

**Dave
Hake**

Life is all about regret and anxiety and life is all about justice and re-

wards. I believe in cosmic justice, and I believe that what goes around comes around. You will get what you deserve.

So what do I have to say about school? All I have to say is, do what is best for you, and take each day as it comes.

I was languishing behind the counter at Extreme Noise when two well-dressed young men came in with briefcases. This isn't so weird. Ever since we opened four months ago every kind of solicitor you might find on Lake St. has tried to peddle everything from flowers to glass cleanser. So I did my best job to look busy and hope that they'd just go away.

Surprise, surprise. It doesn't work, they cut right in. "Are you David? We were told you were the owner of this establishment." It's been the established practice that whenever anyone is trying to sell something to the business the owner is whoever isn't in the room at the moment in the hopes that will force them to come back later. This is something like a cute joke. In no time at all it turns out they're from the University Of Minnesota trying to sell ad space in next year's student directory. They start their shpeel. I do my best to look bored. "Yeah. Yeah. Yeah."

It's amazing. They're totally trying to work me, and I can't even see how they might think we would shell out five hundred dollars to be in their lousy directory. Bob and Joe are not unlike the insects I used to go to high school with who were guaranteed Fortune 500 positions with a little cloying and ass-kissing in their four years of college. I smile. I honestly believe that most members of my generation will be cheated out of fulfillment. I can't say that I'm too sorry. The goals of life dictated by the establishment aren't too appealing to me. I know, how punk rock. There's nothing intrinsically creative or interesting about buying and selling in of themselves. That's what capitalism is in America today, not the kind of capitalism I was talking about in last column. I look at Bob and Joe again. The utter fakeness radiating from them is nauseating, but at the same time I find it very appealing because it marks the difference

between us. We represent different powers. You know, I'm championing the kids and they're frenching the man. Something like that.

It isn't to say that I'm not fake and that I'm not a liar. I am. But when I am, I know it. To these two clods it's part of "growing up" and "taking responsibility". The marriage of these two concepts is so utterly abominable to me I cannot even explain. I wonder what my two Aryan cohorts, with dreams of an evening at Hooters ahead of them (I imagine), think they'll be getting out of all this. I mean if I'm playing a part, I'm doing it for a good reason. Today I told my supervisor my mother was admitted to the hospital back in Connecticut causing me to have to take a leave of absence. "I'll be gone for three weeks at the very most, I don't know how you want to deal with this, but I'd like to return to my job when this crisis is over." Truth be told, I'm actually going on tour, but that's a different story. The important thing is, I still have my job when I come back.

It's outrageous in a way. I hope all you readers are keeping track of my growing self-righteousness, because it occurs to me that these "ambitious" well-dressed trackstars of tomorrow's golden future are violating my personal temple of the do-it-yourself ethic. Wince. Going too far? Don't judge me too harshly, I just have a hard time imagining that selling ad space could be all that fulfilling, and that when I appear so totally disinterested and tell them to go on their way they have the audacity to try to play good cop, bad cop with me and romance me into a business venture "which will be good for you, and for the University."

You just pause for a moment and consider what all the kids would do if they had a punk rock conception of things behind them. I don't mean dressing mohican and speaking in a British accent, I just mean doing what you want to do and doing it yourself. A true concept of autonomy. I won't pretend that I live up to such an ideal.

it. To get to the core of the school issue, I dropped out of college for what seemed to me to be good reasons despite the warnings of my parents. "Oh yes, all this starts to make sense now." you begin to think. Insecurity. Paranoia. Dementia. Guilt. But it isn't only that, because that goes with the territory. All I can say is that in a lot of ways leaving school forced me to confront a lot of issues about what I wanted to be doing over the long haul and especially what my commitment to punk rock was all about. I won't pretend it's an either/or issue. It's all about acquiring tools that you will use to do one thing or another. I expect that my current tenure in the underground will show me what a higher education will have to do with the rest of my following days. I can't say that doing one thing or another is intrinsically the right thing to do, but following your true ambitions is definitely heading in the right direction.

So I don't know if I'm being a snob when I chuckle to myself as Bob and Joe scurry out of the store with their briefcases behind them. It isn't a matter of establishment versus anti-establishment or mainstream vs. alternative. It's maybe clued-in versus clueless, or clueless and knowing it vs. clueless and not. I just know that I don't regret not being in their shoes one iota. So yeah, see you later, pal. Adios.

David Hake / P.O. Box 4061 / St. Paul, MN 55104 / dhake@macalstr.edu

Daniel Sink

In Chicago, the Fourth of July kicks off 3 days early. Starting around the first, people have their own fireworks displays in their backyards. These range from small roman candle type jobs, to what sounds like sticks of dynamite. While I'm writing this, it seems like I'm living in a war zone. The strangest thing about it is that fireworks are

illegal in Illinois (except sparklers and those little charcoal snakes), which means that at some point almost the entire population of Chicago made a mass exodus to Wisconsin or Indiana to buy fireworks. I can't see how it can possibly be worth it.

Anyway, I was with some friends Friday night, July 1st. We had just come from a movie and decided to sit up on a friend's apartment building's roof. It was a hot night out, so sitting on the roof seemed like a good idea. There are chairs and tables out there just right for roof sittin', so why not? My friend has the most kick-ass apartment. That's probably because it's not hers, she's just there for the summer. Her roof has this fantastic view of the Chicago skyline; it's really magnificent, and no matter how hard I try, when I see it I can't help but be overwhelmed by the beauty of man's destruction of nature. So we were sitting up there drinking in the view, and all of a sudden fireworks started jumping up from the buildings for as far as the eye could see. Not million dollar displays or anything, but nice little puffs of color and sound. Maybe the beauty of it all was too much for us, or maybe we all were just in that kind of mood, but we started talking.

Another person I was with had just come back from spending a semester in New York City working at a school, and hanging out with a lot of communists. I don't remember how it happened, but before any of us knew it, we were talking about education & empowerment — well not all of us, Sarah was talking to the cat. That conversation has started me thinking about education and the entire learning process.

I honestly can't think of 10 things I learned in school that have helped me in real life. I knew how to read before I started school (hell, I even knew how to whistle before I started school). Although I did learn basic math skills I've hated math ever since 3rd grade when I memorized all my times tables and still wasn't allowed to go into the fourth grade mathbook. Middle school taught me that success was bad, and popularity

was everything (surprisingly enough I see those same values espoused everyday in punk rock). High school taught me that you can flunk gym if you wear the wrong shorts. You can flunk Spanish, math, journalism, almost anything and nothing happens, but if you flunk gym, you can't graduate.

School, on the whole was a bad experience for me. I don't, however, think that I shouldn't have gone. There were a few good experiences along the way, and those experiences probably had more to do with making me who I am than almost anything else in my life.

Every good experience I had in school was somehow related not to an assignment or a lesson, but to a teacher that let me do what I wanted. When a teacher has given me a project that has just a small amount of requirements, I'll learn about things I want to know about (I can remember a paper I wrote my freshman year of highschool on performance art) or things I don't want to know about (I did an interactive computer piece on wind power once), and I'll do it well and have it in on time, and I will have learned a lot (I still know a bunch about alternative fuels from that wind power assignment I did 6 years ago).

I learn by doing, and the best way to teach me is to give me the tools to do things. I think that most people, when given the chance, would learn best that way. It's learning through empowerment. Instead of telling someone to press button A and the light goes on, you show them HOW button A turns the light on. Then you let them build it. It's the fish theory. Give a man a fish, he'll eat for a day, teach him how to fish and he'll eat forever (for those of you that don't know, that saying was around before a half way decent hip-hop band popularized it).

My senior year of high school was probably one of the most important years of my life so far. First because I was madly in love, second because I lost a lot of my friends because I disagreed with the way they were handling a situation (this incident actually came back into play that night on the roof, but I am promising myself that I won't turn this into a PLP bashing fest), and third because two teachers gave me the run of the Evanston Township High School computer center. Without one teacher let-

ting me miss most of her classes, and another teacher letting me use the computer center whenever I wanted, I think it is a pretty safe bet to say that this magazine wouldn't exist today. I spent 2 periods a day in there (not counting the times I ditched other classes to get there); and once I had split with my friends, I spent my lunchtime there too. I taught myself how to use computers, programs, different kinds of hardware, everything. I spent so much time there that some teachers actually had me teach them how to use the programs! Since I graduated high school, I have gone on to apply what I learned in that room into a number of different things; some have made money for me, and some (this magazine included) have created an outlet for me to spend that same money.

Now why am I talking about this so much? Do I want to sell everyone on the wonder and salability of computer skills? No, I'm giving this as an example. If instead of being given free reign of how I learned computers, and what I did with them, I was given worksheets and assignments, I wouldn't have been interested. I wouldn't be writing this now, and I would probably (as Jim Connell likes to say) be selling insurance, which would prove to be a problem, since I dropped out of Cub Scouts because I couldn't tie a tie.

Unfortunately, our educational system doesn't work like that. It seems designed to break people's wills with workbooks and memorization. Busy-work is king in the US. It takes a very special teacher to rise above the norm and allow kids to use their minds. I was lucky and had a few of those teachers in my time.

Sometimes I think I'd like to repay the favor and become a teacher myself. Sometimes I don't think I could take the amount of bullshit that a teacher has to put up with. I don't think that I'll ever become a teacher in a school, there's too much buracracy, lesson plans, and snotty kids. I try to teach in other ways though. If people want to know how to do something, all they need to do is ask, I'll sit down with them & show them

how, and then let them go at it themselves.

It's interesting, I think, to see how much of the DIY ethic can really be applied to teaching and education. I learned how to use computers by doing it myself. There was no one there to even show me how to turn the damn thing on! Obviously, not everything can be learned in that way, if I ever have to have an operation, I want to be damn sure that the doctor isn't just figuring things out as she goes along. But I also want to be sure that that doctor has an ability to think on her feet, something that workbooks and instructions can never do.

Another way that I learn (and I think most people learn -but don't want to) is by making mistakes. I've made a ton in my time and hope that with each one I have grown. Sure, some have inflicted wounds that still hurt today, but for the most part, mistakes are a part of life and you have to make them.

A friend of mine has been talking about nothing but going to Italy for about a year now. He has fallen in love and isn't going away anymore. I had written him a pretty nasty letter, telling him that he was fucking up his life, and he should be going to Italy, and I couldn't even believe that he would even consider not going, and doesn't he know that some people don't have the luxury of ever going away to Italy, and who was he to just decide, on a whim, not to go. I never sent the letter to him. I never even printed it out. I realized that he has to figure out for himself whether or not he made the right decision, and either way, he will have grown from the entire experience. He is not afraid to make a mistake (not to say that he is). I wish that was true for everyone. Some people live in perpetual fear of making a mistake, and end up doing nothing forever.

Now's the time where I eat a few of my words. Last issue, I made a mistake. Apparently, the Jewel prank that I blamed entirely on Chicago anarchists, wasn't pulled off by the anarchists alone. They took part, but apparently, so did others. That still doesn't change my opinion that the entire idea was thoughtless and counterproductive, though. It just means that next time I will think twice before making a quick generalization. It means I made a mistake and have learned from it.

Larry Livermore

Spike Anarkie Goes To Kollidj

The punk world has been abuzz with the reappearance of the legendary Spike Anarkie. You may recall that when we last heard from Spike he had set off on an epic cross-country journey to do battle with his arch-rival, Felix von Havoc. The two ultroids had been trading insults back and forth across the subterranean grapevine, and finally found themselves locked in mortal combat for bragging rights as "punkest of da punkazfux."

As fate would have it however, the ferocious winds of winter were starting to sweep down from the north as the blows began to fly, and before anyone could say, "Fuck this, let's go get some beer," Felix and Spike were frozen, forever, we thought, into a striking tableau which an enterprising University of Minnesota art student turned into her senior project and had installed in a quiet corner of the campus.

She graduated with honors and moved away to New York City where she got an NEA grant to pursue her new concept of bronzing bums who fell asleep on the subway. Meanwhile Felix and Spike spent the winter buried beneath a two-story deep snowdrift and were soon completely forgotten.

Unfortunately, the student had neglected to install any kind of plaque or sign to indicate that the iced punkers were in reality a piece of art. When spring came, a janitor ran across them and, unable to figure what else to do, carted them off to the junkyard. "They looked sort of human, I guess," he said later, "but with all those chains and spikes, I figured scrap metal was a better bet."

And that would have been the end of that, a shabby conclusion to a sordid life, except there proved to be more resilience to Spike Anarkie than anyone

ever have dreamed. Maybe it was the blood alcohol level, maybe the thick layer of leather and crust that enveloped him, but for some reason, Spike survived his winter-long ordeal. As the warm Minnesota sun spread its fleeting summer warmth over his recumbent form, Spike stretched lazily, and in doing so, frightened off the cloud of flies that had begun to congregate on and around him.

He also gave the fright of her life to one Buffy Warrington, a sweet but not especially bright sorority girl who hadn't opened a book in three years, but was nonetheless a straight-A student and president of her senior class. Only jealous people and meanies wondered if that had anything to do with the fact that her father, "Buck" Warrington IV had given seven million dollars to the university.

Normally Buffy would have been chilling over at the frat house with her boyfriend Brad, but she was in a real tizzy today. She had recently gotten involved in the punk movement as a result of seeing Samiam play at a local night club. Inspired by their raw energy and defiant, anti-authoritarian attitudes, she had immediately gone home and dyed her hair green and pierced her nose.

It was the most daring thing she had ever done, but she hadn't been prepared to the pay the price that conformist American society exacts from its outcasts and rebels. Her boyfriend Brad had dumped her, her sorority sisters refused to talk to her, and her little brother kept calling her "spinach-head." And as if that weren't enough, her professor had taken her aside that morning and warned her that if she didn't produce her report on Social Deviance in the American Underclass by tomorrow, she wasn't going to graduate.

"The nerve of that man," she was thinking as she stomped her petulant little way across campus, quite unaware of where she was going until she stumbled over the still partly comatose Spike.

"Hey, watch where the fuck you're going!" he yelled, but not being fully awake yet, he didn't sound nearly as mean as he usually does. In fact, to poor confused Buffy, he seemed almost sweet. And what's more, she thought excitedly, he looked like a real punk, not one of those trendy-come-latelys who didn't get into punk until Jawbox

Spike, on the other hand, was too bleary-eyed to notice that Buffy was a bit too clean and sparkly to fit his definition of a punk. She was the kind of girl, in fact, who if he were in his normal state of mind, he'd be following across campus yelling "Poser!" until he made her cry.

The other thing was that a lot of time had passed and a lot of things had changed during the time Spike had been frozen. Now there were punk-looking people like Buffy everywhere. Spike even thought for a minute that he had died and gone to punk heaven, until he looked around and didn't see any beer.

Buffy went and got him a couple of forties, thrilled to be waiting on a real punk. Once he had gotten some of his vital sustenance, Spike quickly returned to his usual form, i.e., mean, loud, rude, and flamboyantly ignorant. Buffy was loving it.

She thought about using Spike to make Brad jealous, but then she got an even better idea. He would be perfect for her Social Deviance project! She wouldn't even have to write a report; she could just bring him in and interview him in front of the class!

Spike was up for it, as long as there was more beer, and since Buffy's monthly allowance was more than Spike had lived on for the previous five years, there was sure to be no shortage of that. So they set off back to Buffy's sorority house, where she snuck Spike in through the window and hid him in the basement.

Things were looking just fine until Buffy found out that her fascist professor wanted references and footnotes. "I don't want you just dragging some garden variety bum off the street and calling him a social deviant," he told her. "You have to show me published material from a reputable journal of anthropology or sociology to demonstrate that this person represents a genuine and recognized social problem."

When Spike heard this, he was all in favor of going over and kicking the professor's ass. "Who does this college poser think he is, saying I'm not a social problem?" he bellowed in outrage.

ing the professor's ass would not help her graduate, and Spike didn't really want her to be stuck in this sorority house for the rest of her life, did he? "Aren't there some books or articles about people like you that we could show the professor?" she asked.

Spike laughed in disbelief. "Dude, I'm like totally famous! They write about me all the time in Maximum Rocknroll!"

"Yes, but this Maximum Rocknroll, is it a recognized journal of anthropology or sociology?" she insisted.

"Yeah, sure, whatever. Got any more beer."

As the night wore on and time grew short, Buffy's desperation increased. Finally she got a brainstorm about how she might be able to get away with using this Maximum whatever it was magazine as a reference. Spike had told her about the super-secret MRR central computer hidden in the basement of the magazine's San Francisco headquarters. "Dude, they've got files on everything that was ever punk stored up in that computer. I bet they got a whole section just about me," he bragged.

Well, it so happened that Buffy's bratty 13 year-old brother Benjamin was an accomplished hacker, and she got him to break into the MRR computer and download the Spike Anarkie file. Sure enough, it filled up many pages, containing more than enough information to show that Spike was a bonafide social deviant and general menace to society. And with all the information printed up in fancy computerized form, it looked impressive enough to convince the professor to let her use Spike as her senior project.

Everything probably would have gone well from there on out if Buffy hadn't made the mistake of letting Spike stay up all night drinking more beer. In the morning she practically had to carry him to class. She dumped him onto a chair in front of the blackboard, and started her report.

"The young man you see in front of you presents a complex social problem," she said. "Misunderstood by society, and misunderstanding his own role in the scheme of things, he has turned to a life of nihilism and self-negation. By observing poor Mr. Anarkie, we can learn..." At this point she

giggled and snickered.

Spike was stumbling out his chair, mumbling something about another forty. Buffy hissed at him to sit still and be quiet, but he was oblivious. Staggering forward, he crashed into the front row of desks, and landed on top of two terrified foreign exchange students. As they screamed and tried to get out from under him, he opened his mouth and unleashed a copious stream of puke. A moment later, he passed out and started snoring loudly.

Well, as you might suspect, Buffy did not pass her class, did not graduate, and in fact left college in disgrace. Her experience with Spike soured her on the punk movement, and she ended up moving to Fargo, North Dakota, where she got involved with that city's flourishing country-grunge scene that a lot of people are predicting will be the next big craze to sweep the country.

And that would have been the end of that, had it not been for one of those weird computer mixups that seem to be happening more and more these days. It seems that when Spike's MRR data was entered into the university files, it somehow got crossed with the academic records of Jeff Bale, a former MRR writer and Berkeley Ph.D. who was looking for a job as a professor.

No one knows exactly how the error happened, but the net result was that Jeff's name was added to the university's list of dangerous social deviants, and Spike was offered a position as Professor of Anarchy. When a delegation of university officials came to tell Spike the good news, he was still lying on the floor of the now-vacant classroom, and he was not a pretty sight.

Nevertheless, many educators lead eccentric lifestyles, and the university president was happy to see that Professor Anarkie was a younger man who looked as though he'd be able to relate well to the students. Spike was provided with his own office and his own refrigerator full of beer, and told he had all summer to kick back and prepare for classes that fall.

students or alumni gather, they still talk about that September morning when Spike faced his first room full of fresh-faced undergraduates.

Just back from an all-night session of drinking and pit-moshing, Spike stumbled into the classroom and greeted the wide-eyed students with a leer. "Good morning, posers, I'm Professor Anarkie," he began.

"You're probably wondering why you're here. So am I, actually. College is for losers and that rhymes with posers. Well, it almost does. Anyway, today we're going to learn about the theory of chaos."

"Is that the same thing as chaos theory?" asked one eager beaver. "We studied about that in summer session."

"No, poser. And what kind of dork goes to summer school anyway? There's only one thing to know about the theory of chaos, and it goes like this. Some old fart French philosopher once said, 'I think, therefore I am.' Drunk punks say, 'I drink, therefore I am.' Crusties say, 'I stink, therefore I am.' But chaos punks say, 'I smash the bottle, therefore I am.'"

With that, Spike reached under his desk for one of the forties he had stored under his desk for emergencies, and sharply cracked it across his own forehead, instantly shattering it and sending a spray of blood and beer across the entire front of the room. He crumpled to the floor and lay there in a stupor, lifting his head just long enough to proclaim, "Free beer for everyone, under my desk. Live the chaos!"

Once they had gotten over their initial shock (and drunk a lot of his beer), the students took a great liking to Professor Anarkie. And college freshmen being the impressionable lot that they are, the cult of chaos punk was soon sweeping across campus. Everywhere you saw students with bloody and bandaged foreheads, proudly carrying the jagged remnants of empty forty-ouncers. Professor Anarkie's class was extraordinarily well-attended, and at first the administration was thrilled that the new man was so popular with his students. But they started having their doubts when the police had to be called several times to break up brawls.

Still, change happens at a glacial pace

November before any serious questions started to be raised about Professor Anarkie's unusual teaching methods. Almost every other class, it seemed, would feature an appearance by very loud and ill-mannered hardcore bands with names like Society's Death Wish and Brutal Desperate Destruction which would make it impossible for any other teachers in the building to be heard. And more often than not, Spike would cancel the regular class and tell the students that they should meet instead at a parking lot behind a local 7-11 where they would break things and yell at fat suburban ladies when they passed by.

The last straw, though, came when Spike told the class, now grown to more than 700 students, that today was International Chaos Day, and that it had to be observed by reducing the entire university to ultimate chaos. The students were a little hesitant until he told them that they were being graded on the amount of destruction they achieved, and with that they went swirling out in a vast unruly mob, turning over desks, setting professors' beards on fire, pouring beer into the campus water supply. It was the worst disorder the university had known since the protests of the 1960s. Professor Anarkie was called in for a meeting.

"Dude, my students are just protesting against the emptiness of capitalist consumer conformist society," he sneered.

"Well, yes," replied the university president thoughtfully, "and we're glad they're confronting the issues facing our modern world. But couldn't they write a paper about it instead?"

"Papers? Fuck papers! What about the people that can't read or write very good. You can't use your phony intellectual values to suppress and cover up the true chaos of the people!"

"Hmm. I think I see your point, Professor Anarkie. But there must be some way that we can keep these situations from getting out of hand."

"Hey, president dude, you have to lighten up and live some chaos yourself," said Spike, who was in quite a jolly mood

kind of recognition he had always suspected he deserved. "Have a couple beers with me!"

The president didn't usually drink, but he thought it might be a good idea just this once, to try and achieve some rapport with this fiery young professor. Several forties later, still in his now-tattered cap and gown, he was moshing in the pit at a local anarchist dive and laughing every time Spike bounced a bottle off the lead singer's incredibly thick skull.

It looked as though the entire University of Minnesota was on the verge of being converted into America's first all-chaospunk college, and it probably would have, if it hadn't been for one particularly persistent professor of computer science, who had started asking questions about the mysterious origins of Professor Anarkie, and didn't like the answers he was getting.

It was he who finally discovered the error that had installed Spike Anarkie in his prestigious position, and he who took the information to the Board of Regents and the Governor of Minnesota, begging them to do something about this dangerous interloper who was making a mockery of the state's entire program of higher education. Since the university president himself had by now dropped out to go on tour with a hardcore band, outside authorities had to step in, and by the time the first snows of a new winter were falling, Spike had been demoted from professor back down to permanent loser, and shipped back, in a sealed train, to his ancestral home of Berkeley, California.

The University of Minnesota has now more or less returned to normal, and when last seen, Spike was back hanging out in Berkeley, scrounging change from the tourists to buy beer. His adventures in the academic world seem to have left him remarkably unspoiled, and he shows few signs of putting on airs by virtue of being a "college man."

Word has it that he was offered a million dollars for the rights to his story by some company that wanted to make a movie about him called "The Punk Professor." But supposedly he turned it down because he found out that the movie cameras they were going to use were made by a big corporation,

million dollar check at a bank, which is part of the system that he doesn't support.

So instead, true to his punk ideals, Spike sits outside the Bank of America on Telegraph Avenue yelling at people about what posers they are for conforming to society's roles. Because of his new notoriety, Spike has become possibly the most successful spare changer in Telegraph history; everyone wants to give a little something to the ultimate chaos punk. Young people flock to learn at his feet; in fact clusters of Spike's disciples can now be seen gathering at various spots throughout the south campus.

As for Spike himself, he's still not willing to abandon his long-standing contention that school is only for posers, but if you catch him in one of his rare quiet moments, he just might admit that education has its value. "The trouble is," he contends, "most people ain't smart enough to know how to put it to good use."

Unsolicited plug and/or public service announcement: if you'd like to read more of the adventures of Spike Anarkie, or more of Larry Livermore's opinions and writings on a multitude of subjects, you might want to send for the new issue of Lookout magazine (#39). It's 48 pages, costs \$2, and you can get it by writing to PO Box 11374, Berkeley CA 94712.

Julia Cole

Here are the three things I know how to do:

Make chocolate Truffles

Make Indian Pudding

Calculate a star's distance from the Sun using its stellar parallax as seen from Earth.

Unfortunately, I don't have the recipes for the first two on me, so you're stuck with the third.

1. Go out and find a star, and using a high

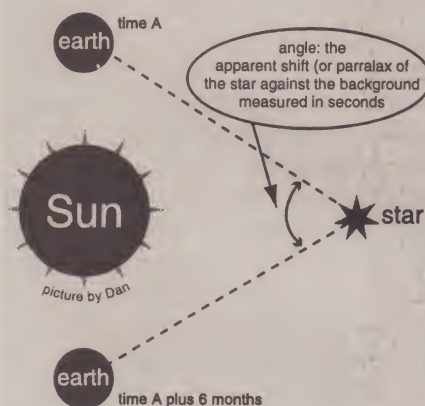
powered telescope, take a picture of it. Include as many of the stars immediately surrounding it as possible.

2. Wait 6 months.

3. Take another picture, again including as many of the stars around it as possible.

4. Next, using subtle astronomical techniques, determine how much your star has shifted against the background of the stars. It should be a very minute amount. That is to say: only a few seconds of arc (FYI, a circle has 360 degrees. A degree can be divided into 60 minutes. A minute can be divided into 60 seconds).

Here's a picture



5. Next, take an imaginative leap into hyperspace and find yourself upon your star (this is my favorite part).

6. Draw a circle around yourself, the circumference of the circle must pass through the Earth at points Time A and Time A + six months.

7. Now: you know the distance in seconds from Earth at Time A to Earth at Time A + 6 months. Let's say, for simplicity's sake, that it's 10 seconds of arc.

You also know the distance in miles from Earth at Time A to Earth at Time A + 6 months; $2 \times 93,000,000$ miles or 186,000,000 miles (you remember learning that the approximate distance between the Earth and Sun is 93,000,000 miles, right?).

And you know the circumference of the circle around your star is 360 degrees, or 1,296,000 seconds.

Using these three bits of information you can figure out the circumference of the circle in miles. If 10 seconds is equivalent to 186,000,000 miles, then 1,296,000 seconds must be equivalent to 24,105,600,000 miles (Divide 126,000 by 10 and multiply the result by 186,000,000).

8. Now what? Well, as all good math punks know, the circumference of a circle is equal to $2\pi r$ (two pi r) [editor's note—for all you non math punks: $\pi = 3.14$] where r is the radius of the circle. Well, think a moment. The distance from the star at the center of the circle to the Earth on the circumference is the radius, and it's just what we want to know.

So, $2\pi r = 24,105,600,000,000$ miles or

$r = 3,838,471,337,579$ miles.

A side note here, if we'd used light years instead of miles and assumed an angle of parallax of 1 second, $r = 3.26$ light years, or 1 parsec.

I've just thought of some other things I know how to do:

Recite all 50 states in alphabetical order in under a minute

Speak indifferent German

Laugh like Dracula

Teach New Yorkers how to say coffee properly

Wasn't this more fun?

JuliaPrime@aol.com

**Jim
Connell**

We finally have a theme issue, and the way Dan is talking (actually e-mailing, since most of us have never seen or even spoken to one another), nobody is sticking to the theme. I personally think themes keep the zine interesting, but if nobody else likes them, that's cool I guess.

Anyhow, back to school (which is, of course, the theme.) I didn't really know what to write about, since I haven't done any serious classroom time for like a quarter century or so. Then I realized that maybe that kind of perspective might be of use (or at least interest) to many of you. Or to put it another way, I've had enough time to see what I got out of my school years, and I'm not anybody's parent so I don't have a hidden agenda.

First, a little background. I had a pretty standard K-12 education. My high school years were spent in a relatively small, upper-middle-class suburban New York public school. Back then (the 60's), education was pretty straight-forward — every year there was math, science, social studies, English, and a foreign language, plus the usual assortment of shop, phys-ed, lunch, and other such filler. There weren't really many electives; pretty much everyone took everything. I don't know whether that was because I went to a small school, or if it was just the way things were done back then.

The single most valuable thing I got out of high school was the ability to write. We had a lot of writing assignments — ten page papers were the standard assignment in most classes. And by doing it, I learned how. Ten page papers also taught me the fine art of putting things off until the absolute last minute, a lesson that lasted until well into my first semester of college.

But back to writing... I've had a bunch of jobs, run a couple of businesses, and done lots of other stuff over the years, and I've noticed that 1) being able to write well has helped in almost everything I've done, and 2) most people can't put two sentences together, even otherwise well-educated, professional people. It doesn't matter if you want to be an environmental engineer or a floral designer; if you can write you're miles ahead of most everyone else.

Other high school subjects I've found useful over the years include math (especially geometry, believe it or not), how to use the library, and commercial dishwashing. That's pretty much it.

In the years since high school I've also gained an appreciation of just how cruel the whole process is. No one can torture another human being quite as well as a 7th-grader can. And there seems to be some sort of natural-selection process which steers the smallest-minded, most pompous, boneheaded bureaucratic assholes in the universe into high school administrative positions. Some teachers are saints; many more are pathetic fucked-up losers, and they're all role models.

Nonetheless, I survived, and made it to college. Within two months I had 1) learned how to ride a motorcycle, 2) bought one, 3) bought a leather jacket, and 4) started to grow my hair long. In other words, I was discovering myself. And my writing skills

had already started to pay off; the 10-page letter I wrote to my parents explaining why I *HAD* to have a motorcycle was one of my finest works.

In that first semester of college, I learned the lesson which has probably had the most impact on my future: almost anything can be put off until *well past* the absolute last minute, if not forever, without anything bad happening.

Anyhow, by my third year of college it was clear that higher education was a lost cause, and I dropped out. It happened like this. I was taking this course in Water Supply Engineering, and half-way through the term the professor gives the class an assignment that consisted of a real-life problem: predict the water-supply needs of a nearby small town (Saline, MI), for the next thirty years. It slowly sunk in to the class that there was NO RIGHT ANSWER and they panicked. It was absolute chaos for the entire class. I was kind of in shock myself, because I realized that no one there was capable of having an original thought, and the whole idea absolutely terrified them.

I went to the professor after the class and had a long talk, and he suggested that I might not be cut out for the academic world. It wasn't really criticism; I think he saw some sort of unwillingness to conform that he thought had value and that would not survive engineering school. Maybe I'm just rationalizing. But I've thought back on that experience many times, and I think I was steered in the right direction by someone who understood.

It's also interesting to note that, many years later, my parents still have not given up hope that I will get my degree, and still bring it up almost every time I see them. Most parents mean well, and I'm sure mine do, but it took me years of guilt to realize that they DON'T have my best interests in mind. They have a script in their heads of who I should be. It was probably written before I was born. It doesn't have ANYTHING to do with who I really am or what I really want out of my life. They can have their little fantasy, and I'll still love them just as much, but I won't compromise myself for the sake of their dreams, and I won't feel guilty about it.

There are huge holes in my

cation. I wish I knew more about philosophy, history, literature, stuff like that. I hated learning about them when they were offered; perhaps I wasn't ready, or perhaps what was being taught wasn't what interested me. My one remaining memory of literary education is having to read *The Great Gatsby*, which I absolutely loathed.

I also keep wishing I understood the things that were supposedly being taught in math, science, and engineering classes. The problem is that what I want is an intuitive, practical understanding of how things work (which is beautiful when you can get to it). The schools, however, weigh the underlying concepts down with so much crap that the beauty is lost completely. Calculus, for example, is based on extremely simple and totally relevant concepts — everyone should understand it, and everyone could. But virtually nobody needs to know how to do it, or how to prove that it is mathematically consistent, and that's basically all you'll learn in school. Am I bitter? Take a wild guess.

One last reflection on all this stuff. I can look back and see, and **NONE** of the stuff that I thought was important turned out to be. **EVERYTHING** that had a big impact on my life was unplanned, and didn't seem important at the time.

Grades and SAT scores? I don't remember and nobody asks. College? I got into a very good school — but the most valuable courses I've taken over the years (including the calculus course that taught me the intuitive beauty of it) were taken at community colleges. Nobody asks me about my education, it's not on my resume, and a good way to keep from working for assholes is to stay far away from people who care about such things.

Will Dandy

I've reached the point where I think that no one understands me. Everyone has a different view point on me. Some say I'm a cynic, some say I never take anything seriously, others say I'm a simpleton, while others say I'm bright, then there's people

who think I'm an asshole, or a loser or shy, anything, but basically they're all wrong. The issue isn't that I'm too complex to understand (that would be flattering if true, but it's not), it's just that I don't think that many people have the same views in life as I do (I don't know if that's good or bad...). I try to spend my time combating what I hate or don't like. For example one of the main driving forces in my life is that I hate dishonesty. That means that I am always truthful with people unless I have sworn to someone else to lie for them or I think they need to be lied for. This also means that I dislike when people lie. I don't try and stop people from lying, I'm not some militant freak about it. I just don't like it. The way I see it is that we'll never get anywhere if we don't tell each other the truth, because there's no point in telling someone a lie. For this same reason I hate that little common pleasantry called "small talk." Small talk drives me insane. The thought of wasting time to talk to someone about something that neither person cares about seems really foolish to me. My almost complete refusal to take part in small talk often brands me as shy, but that's not wholly true. I will speak my mind about as much as I think is necessary if I think there's a point in me saying it. For example when someone asks me, "Hot enough for you?" I will just respond, "Yeh..." and walk away. I'm not gonna start talking about how hot last summer was and comparing things or anything because it's stupid and it wastes everyone involved's time. This means I often come off as being shy, but I'm really not. If I call someone up from a record company or something because of some Punk Planet thing I can talk to them for awhile because I'm interested in what they have to say about records, tours, punk in general, or anything else. That's because I want to talk to them and see what they think and I often talk to them longer than my phone bill should let me. But that just proves that I'm not shy, I just hate bullshit and lies.

What I especially dislike is "phonies." Anyone who's read *Catcher in the Rye* should know what I'm talking about. I hate people who pretend to be something they're not. That's why a lot of the time people think that I'm unhappy,

but that's not true. Just because I don't walk around smiling all the time doesn't mean that I'm sad. It just means I don't have anything to smile about and I'm content. If I was sad you could tell that because it'd be obvious just like a smile is an obvious way to tell that someone is happy (or pretending to be).

Another thing that pisses me off a lot are some things in the punk scene, both national and (mainly) local. If it weren't for the fact that I hated MRR's new policies then I never would have tried to head this zine up. I hated the fact that there weren't many cool punk bands that came here to Birmingham, so I started setting up shows for them and am looking into starting an underground club. I also hated the fact that there wasn't very much small label stuff being sold at the only cool record store in town so I started distributing some records here that otherwise wouldn't have ever been seen here (I'm going to stop doing this on a large scale soon and cut down to a just for friends thing though). Not because of the fact that things have gotten better (although they have to some degree). It's because I've decided that the Birmingham scene is not worth me risking money on whether or not it will get to see a small label's release). The fact that I hate all the aforementioned things gets me branded a cynic a lot of the time, but that's not right at all. When I see something I don't like I try to change it for the better and I look to the future with hope that I can help make this a better world. In reality I'm an optimist, but I do not like the present.

My views are mainly built on hate (I use that word, but dislike is better because I don't really *hate* anything), but they all work towards improvement and therefore the views are also built on love. They are built on the love of my dream of a good future. No one seems to really understand this, but that's ok I guess. As long as I know where I'm coming from maybe someday I'll meet someone who's coming from the same direction, or at least knows where it is. I doubt it, but I can be hopeful and if you ever meet me and I seem cynical or shy try digging below the surface and that's where you'll find the real me. If you wanna write me address it to the southern branch of this zine or by e-mail at "WillDandy1@aol.com" Thanks for listening.

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Rev. Norb of (SIC)TEEN sez: ...I mean, these guys RIP. It's like the DIDJITS playing VOID covers, or vice versa. It's like the JESUS LIZARD on 78. It's like some vicious mutant stepchild of "Cows & Beer" era DIE KREUZEN, gloriously corrupted beyond repair by witless Illinois churls born in the same city as barbed wire... Sad to say, most geeks I play this for imply that there isn't enough ambient pseudo-RAMONES quotient on board - man, get a clue! THIS IS SATAN'S TELECASTER KNOCKING AT YOUR BACK DOOR, CHUMPIII!

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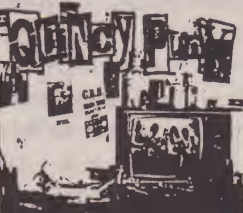
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PORTLAND



oregon

So the big news in Portland is that the **X-Ray Cafe** (y'know, that world famous all-ages club once featured in **Sassy**, location of the infamous Anarchist convention/media melee of 1993, home-for-a-night to thousands of touring bands and the historic site of many incredible shows) will be closing down at the end of this summer. It seems that **Ben and Tres** (our beloved proprietors) have run into a larger than necessary debt. That, teamed up with the energy and time required to book thousands of bands as well as trying to have a private life has apparently led to the unfortunate downfall of this once majestic mecca of culture. So now the question arises as to where bands will go to play the much-valued all-ages shows Portland's scene thirsts for... Yeah, there is **La Luna**, the biggest club in town, reportedly under contract with **MCA Concerts** (yes, *that* MCA), but for a lot of smaller bands starting out, that doesn't equal reality. Then there's the **Madrona Hill Winery**, which does some all-ages shows, but nowhere near as consistently as the **X-Ray** did. Everyone seems to be crossing their fingers and hoping that someone with some money and a lot of energy will take over the Portland underground all-ages scene. There is one rumor running around of someone's father renting out a warehouse for all-ages shows, and hopefully it's a true one.

Until then, there's always the **Powerhouse**, an incredibly cool basement belonging to some very cool punk rockers. These folks at the **Powerhouse** have been putting on shows since early spring. Some bands who have played there: **Rancid**, **Blackfork**, **Dead and Gone**, **Ground**

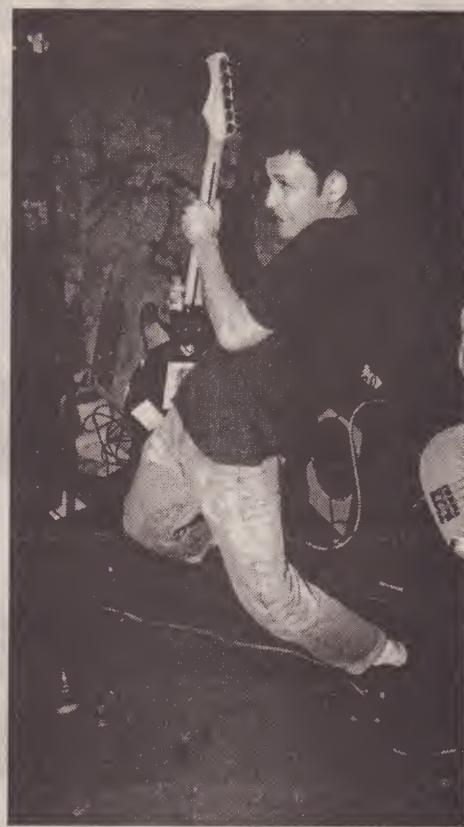
Round, **Ten-O-Seven**, **Christie Front Drive**, **Siren**, **Sparkmarker**, and many more. The shows were going great until about a week ago when the **Powerhouse** received an official noise complaint from the city of Portland. Unfortunately, the noise ordinance is in effect at all hours (as opposed to after 10:00 PM like most places), and the noise must not travel more than 50 feet. So, until the issue of soundproofing is dealt with more sufficiently, some shows have been cancelled and/or put on hold temporarily. Not to worry, though. The folks at the **Powerhouse** will fix the problem. Their number is (503) 287-7DOA, call 'em if you're heading this way.

If you're going southward of here, don't worry, there is life below Portland. Salem has been doing some shows, one of which was **Jawbreaker**. Haven't heard much more about it, though.

It seems like every scene should have hard-working individuals like **Tim Davenport** of the **Corvallis** fanzine appropriately titled, well... **ZINE**. Tim publishes what is probably the main artery of the Corvallis punk/underground scene. **Zine** is a locally free bi-monthly publication full of numerous interviews and tid-bits of info all about this not-so-distant college town. All of it is packed together in a wonderfully laid out 8 1/2 x 11 format. Tim is also in the practice of putting on all-ages shows as is **Ray Hessel**. Drop him a line if interested at: P.O. Box 136, Corvallis, OR 97339. He can hook you up with the right people. Oh, I almost forgot, send him a couple bucks if you want him to send you the latest copy of **Zine**!

Eugene still has stuff going on. **The Monkeyhouse** is still the best basement in the world. It's bigger than a lot of clubs out there, and prettier too. Contact **Ben or Robbie** at 85 E 19th, Eugene, OR 97401. There's also **Icky's Teahouse**, and just like last issue, I still don't have their number (bad, BAD). I'm sure information does...

So what about all the bands? Well I guess I'll start out with the obituary part: **Bicker**, the gods of the **Monkeyhouse** have disbanded. Much to my dismay, I will no longer get to hear them play "Cuddle" live, but you can hear them play it on the **Excursion** records comp., "Universal Choking Signal," which will be out someday. They



played their last show ever a couple months ago to a packed **Monkeyhouse** (they even played "Cuddle" to a huge sing-along!). It was truly the bestest show I ever saw them play, and as a very appropriate and well deserved sendoff, it made me even more sad to see 'em go. Robbie and Ben are now in a new unit called **Quell**, with Ben on drums and a new guy, Steiner, on bass. Having witnessed a brief **Quell** practice, they play more in the **Fugazi/Bitch Magnet** vein than **Bicker** ever did. John, the bass behind **Bicker**, has a new thing called **Soda Jerk**. Judging by the demo he played us, it sounds like these guys will be a force to reckon with, playing along the **Superchunk** partyline. However, they didn't have a singer at that point, hopefully they will soon! You can reach all of the above at the **Monkeyhouse** address. As a side note, I heard that **Artless Motives** may have broken up under the pretense that they'll still play shows periodically... but this is strictly a rumor which I can neither confirm or deny. I've also heard that their drummer is in a new crew called **Paddington**. Corvallis' **Lazyboy** broke it off recently as well and I feel like a total dick because I never even heard them. I don't even have the 7". Kill me.

Portland is booming with bands, and I'm so damn out of town now that it's not even funny. So my knowledge may be lacking... duh. **Ten Four** is a three-piece pop-core crew of the nicest kids around. They play unpretentious pop with a totally melodic punk flavor. They recently recorded at Portland's punk studio of choice, **Killhaven Knights Productions**, and plan to have a song on that Portland 7" comp, whenever it comes out. Another band who recorded at **Killhaven** is **Punky Rockit**, who you may remember from my last report. The presently have a 7" off at the pressing plant and hope to have it back before they go on a west coast tour with my band, **Hutch** (formerly **Rake**—more on that later), in early September. They also have one of the guitarists from my band now, too. Don't worry, we share him. Another short-lived band was **Rusty Martin**, which had ex-members of **Hellbender** and **Billingsgate**. Unfortunately, Al had to go home as he was done with school for good. I guess **Hellbender's** probably back together now. Some other bands to mention: **Turbine** (Portland's only hardcore band) featuring members of **Hutch** and ex-members of **4th Day Submerged**, **Plumber's Butt** (the band and the zine—but not the one from Michigan) sound like old **Bad Reli-**

gion, Bangarang (Ex-members of **Pivot** and **Tiger Trap**), **Hawthorne** (Dan from **Punky Rockit** and his uncle) who play tuneful garage rock, and possibly a new band with Sean Croghan (of **Crackerbash** fame) also with Dan from **Punky Rockit** an ex-**Calamity Jane** member, and the drummer from **Rusty Martin**. And, in the shameless self-promotion department: As I mentioned earlier, my band, **Hutch**, had to change our name (we used to be **Rake**) due to the fact that there were two other **Rakes** in existence. We have one 7" called "Stupor" out on **Hodge Podge/Dutch East** under the name **Rake** and another one on the way on **Excursion/Dutch East**. We play pop-punk stuff, like a lot of other bands these days. We'll also be touring California with **Punky Rockit** all the way down to San Diego during the first two weeks of September (probably right as you read this). You can order our 7" for \$3.00 PPD through **Excursion mailorder at P.O. Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102**. By the way we also recorded our 7" at **Killhaven**. If you're looking for a decent 8-track studio with very reasonable rates and the one of the easiest engineers to work with, contact **Tom at (503) 236-5220**.

Corvallis has **Butch Lucky** (Ex-members of **Dumgut** and **Lazyboy**), **The Miscreants**, **Arcweld**, **Elmer** (who's existence is presently questionable, and **Raised By Yaks**. But I won't say too much, 'cause Tim is supposed to do a Corvallis Scene report some day soon! Oh, and one more band from Eugene who I can't ignore: **Oswald Five-o**.

Record stores to go to: In Portland, see **Second Avenue Records** (Portland's punk rock stand-by this place has been around forever and will always be the number one record shop in Portland), **Ozone** (The new kids, **Ozone** has made it's self into a mecca for alternative lifestyle. Featuring piercing, vinyl (new and used) and a large selection of zine and hard-to-find underground memorabilia), and **Roundhouse** (I have yet to check it out, but I hear it's got lots of classic punk stuff and hard to find punk rarities). In Corvallis go to **Happy Trails**, and Eugene go to **Green Noise**.

If you're in town and you need to know what to do or where to go, check out these free publications: **Paperback Jukebox** (covers the college rock scene and some

punk stuff, decent show listings, though). **PDXS** (The more political brother to **PBJ**, also has listings). **Snipehunt** (seasonally published, general alternative zine, no listings usually). **Schallplatten** (Two issues printed up so far, soon to change to **Powerhouse Monthly**. Portland's punk Zine covering the goings on at the **Powerhouse** and abroad).

In closing, I'd like to remind you all that I'm not omniscient, and I don't get around a whole hell of a lot. So if you have a scene in Oregon, or a band, or a zine, **DROP ME A LINE!** Really... I wouldn't have even thought about Corvallis had Tim from **Zine** not written me and told me what I was missing! I'm always glad to accept help and/or suggestions, so feel free! Remember, I have a **new address**, so don't use the one from issue #1. Until next time...

-Bret Van Horn
3095 SW 15th Ct
Grēsham, OR 97080

same state, different place

CORVALLIS

I picked up a copy of *Punk Planet* #1 in Boise, ID and was pleased to see a scene report for Portland, OR (or "PDX" in hipsterspeak). This will examine other things that are going on in Oregon, south of the city.

Hazel, a PDX band signed to Sub-Pop is the coolest pop-punk band in Oregon, closely followed by **The Spinanes** (PDX) and **Oswald Five-O** (Eugene). All of these bands are incredibly tight and cool and have albums out and you can't go wrong with any of them; so there...

Salem is the capitol of Oregon, about 120,000 population. It is located about 45 minutes south of Portland. They are running regular punk shows at a place called the Mission Mill and they have a good record store downtown, but I can't tell you a thing beyond that. Someone else is



gonna have to write in and let us all know about that particular scene. It is not a town with a state university.

Moving down the valley another 45 minutes, you get to Corvallis, home of Oregon State University. OSU is a cow college with about 15,000 students, not a bad place to go to school if you can deal with the slow pace of life. The town is either outstanding or loathsome, depending on your taste—about 45,000 population.

As of this writing, there are 7 punk bands in Corvallis. **Lazyboy** has, sadly, broken up due to that age-old band killer, "personal differences." Two offshoot bands have emerged from the ashes, fortunately—**Butch Lucky**, an outstanding poppy thing with three women up front and Lazyboy, Pete Normal playing drums, and **Pop Secret** another poppy thing featuring Lazyboy Derek Myers on bass. A couple of Butch Lucky members are talking about moving to Portland but keeping the band together, while Derek is gonna move to Austin, TX, this summer, which will crackle Pop Secret. The biggest buzz in town is for Butch Lucky.

We still have local favorites **The Miscreants**, who rock hard and play a kind of mutant garage surf music; **Arcweld**, headed up by Uncle Bert, a very loud band that uses lotsa fuzz and 666 imagery galore; **Elmer**, yet another Lazyboy offshoot fronted by Sewer Troutist Jim McLean featuring fast twangy con-tree sounds and naughty lyrics; **Raised by Yaks**, basically a jazz-punk band that actually reads music on stage (I saw 'em!); and **Half Rack**, a boy/girl pop-punk thing fronted by a woman named Camille and guitar man Grant, ex-of legendary local fuzzmasters, **Lupo**.

Lazyboy, Elmer, Miscreants, Lupo, and Arcweld all have 7" singles out on various labels. Write me for more details.

Corvallis also has 3 punk

rock fanzines—**Alter-Native**, a roughly bi-monthly 24 page program guide put out by KBVR-FM, our cool college radio station; **\$lavery \$y\$tem**, a cut-and-paste DIY zine put out by local show promoter Ray Hessel; and **ZINE**, produced by Kelly E., T. Day, and yours truly. We publish our thang bi-monthly, #6 will be out by the time you read this (\$2 by mail).

Corvallis also has a cool record store, **Happy Trails**.

Despite our relative lack of venues and the Mayberry RFD pace of life, this is a cool and happening town in terms of music. Give it some thought if you're packing up to go to college or just wanna get the hell out of the city. We need a few more quality bands to move here permanently so that Larry Livermore is forced to open up a northern division of **Lookout!**. Bands passing through Oregon probably need to give us at least 6 weeks notice, unfortunately. All-ages shows happen here about twice a month, on average, typically on Friday nights. We're in a position where we have to rent a hall and promote, our all-ages space crashed about a year ago. Hard punk bands should talk to Ray Hessel about what he is doing—(503) 758-4308; pop-punk bands would probably do best to talk to me at (503) 745-7862 or drop me a line.

Moving down the valley another 45 minutes, you get to Eugene, home of the University of Oregon. U of O is the liberal arts school, whereas OSU is historically the cow college. Eugene is bigger, about 120,000 people, methinks, and has a cool all-ages space called **Icky's Teahouse**. Bands moving through the state should investigate that space, although the money will be very minimal: (503) 686-5044. There is also a punk rock-oriented bar (run by Bruce of the HC band **The Detonators**) called John Henry's Tavern. Bookings there are handled by Lucy at (503) 344-2475.

As I mentioned above, pop-

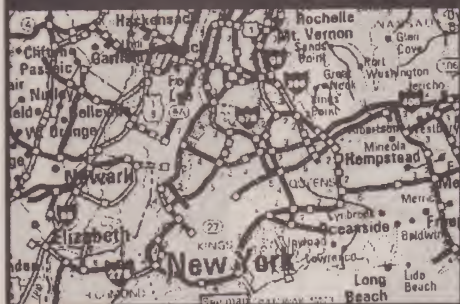
punk masters **Oswald Five-O** hail from Eugene City... HC band **Piglet** is on again, off again—currently on, I think. **Joyless** is a very good HC outfit with some sort of Piglet connection, I hear. I've seen 'em twice. Not my cuppa, but clearly a good band. **Bicker**, an outstanding poppy band, has split due to creative differences. Word is that at least two new bands will form from the fragments, so all is not lost. Details TBA. **The Minimals** are from Cottage Grove, a lousy little town south of Eugene, and are said to be very good. They can only hit the road on Saturday nights, sadly. **Thee Headhunters** play a punky garage type stuff and have a good single out on Tombstone Records. **Artless Motives** are fast, funky, and fun. There was a split-7" in the works with Bicker, last I knew... **Billy Jack** is an obnoxious homopunk band with a new single out. **Lincoln Brigade** is a polished modern rock thing that got signed by Island from a demo tape, believe it or not. I don't like them, either. There are probably a couple more bands in Eugene, I'm not sure, and I have no idea what the zine situation is in that fair metropolis.

The best record store in Eugene is **House of Records**, where Robert from Oswald works. They also have a **Happy Trails** shop and a cool campus radio station. A good town to live, too. Check it out.

I'm not sure if there is life in Oregon south of Eugene, but I can say one thing—"MOVE WEST, KIDDIES!!!"

T. Chandler c/o **ZINE** P.O. Box 136
Corvallis, OR 97339

NEW YORK



new york

O.K., this is only the second scene report I've written/been involved with (the first was printed in MRR and circulated throughout the Internet), so I'll play it simple. I'll go category by category, with little—if any—style and just pack it chock full 'o info! You ready? Here we go (...Whoa! Hold on a sec. One thing I want to make clear: this report totally ignores the very happening punk, hardcore and Oi! scenes in neighboring New Jersey. Although many people lump NY and NJ together; I won't. That's a whole other scene report)...

Clubs/Shows: NYC still sorta sucks for unsigned bands, especially unsigned punk/HC bands. **ABC No Rio** (156 Rivington St.) is still happening with touring and local bands playing for low door prices (usually \$3-\$5). Recent bands who came through town and played included Bikini Kill, Youth Brigade, Citizen Fish, Spitboy, etc. Locally, bands like **Public Nuisance**, **Disassociate**, **13** and **Huasipungo** play there often. The ABC record store is also still happening with a great selection of records, 'zines, and CDs with low, fair prices. The club was recently issued an eviction notice by the city and have started a

petition to stay alive. There was also a march/art protest held to show support for the only true punk, all-ages club NYC's got.

All-ages, hardcore/punk matinees are still happening in NYC at: **Wetlands** (161 Hudson St., 212-966-4225), essentially a patchouli-friendly, eco-conscious club during the week ('ya know, Dead cover bands, bad b.o., etc.) with matinees on Sundays featuring everything from straight-edge hardcore to death and grind; **The Gas Station** (E. Second Street & Avenue B); **ABC No Rio**; the **Bond St. Café** (Bond St. off B'way) and every once and a while at **CBGBs** (315 Bowery, 212-982-4052) In general, shows have gone pretty smoothly with little violence and pretty large turn-outs. For a while there were a lot of HC/punk matinees happening on Long Island, but due to crowd violence, they're practically no more except at newer clubs like **The U.N.** (62 Newark CT., Hempstead, Long Island) and **P.W.A.C.** (1170 Route 109, Lindenhurst), but I'm no authority on the Island so I'll shut up...

Other clubs in the NYC-area include **The Continental** (25 Third Ave., 212-529-6924) who have been doing their "P.M.S." (Punk, Metal Sundays) shows, featuring all female or female-fronted groups-only and shows during the week ranging from bad hair-core/funk-metal to great local legends like the **Devil Dogs**, **Sea Monster** and **Simon And The Barsinisters**. **The Grand** (ex-Cat

Club)—which was a larger venue, with mostly bigger, touring bands playing and the occasional local band—is now shut-down. **Brownies** (169 Avenue A, 212-420-8392) has great sound, a friendly staff, generally low door prices, and good beer, but it's hit-or-miss musically, although lately some cool touring bands have played there (New Bomb Turks, Raw Power, Supersuckers) and they're starting to book the better of the local bands. **The Mercury Lounge** (217 E. Houston St., 212-260-4700) is a newer club who seems to be booking some decent stuff, but I've yet to go there so I can't give you any real info. **The Spiral** (244 E. Houston, 212-353-1740) is a nicely laid-out club with rarely a good band playing. **The Cooler** (416 W. 14th St., 212-229-0785) is a pretty cool new club, with good sound, neat layout and decent bands, although it's totally out and in the middle of the fithy, WestSide meat-packing district. **The Pyramid** (101 Avenue A, 212-490-2162) is sort of a dump with the occasional punk/hardcore show and tons of queer-friendly nights. **The Bank** (225 E. Houston St., 212-505-5033) rarely has live bands anymore, although they have played host to most of the area Oi! shows (including United Front's *Oi! The Gathering Festival*, Red Alert and The Business) and on Friday nights are a gothic/industrial dance club. **The Knitting Factory** (47 E. Houston St, 212-219-3055) is NY's home to avant garde and free jazz as well as some experimental music shows and punk-related

shows (they recently featured a night of Skin Graft bands). **Don Hill's** (511 Greenwich St., 212-334-1390) is a newer club that has an excellent Friday event called *Squeezebox* which features local queer-friendly bands (**Lunachicks**, **NY Loose**), go-go boys and girls, videos, drag stars as well as an excellent d.j. who spins a great combo of classic



The Shift at CBGBs

punk, metal, glam and hardcore. **Under Acme** (Great Jones St.) is a great spot that the bands essentially rent themselves for \$150, set the door price and book the bands. Obviously it's total hit or miss musically. The worst clubs, the ones that must be avoided at all costs are: **The Lion's Den** (great layout, the worst bands imaginable, total frat/jock crowd), **New Music Café** (shitty sound, bad layout, bone-head bouncers, shitty bands) and **A.K.A.** A good way to find out about local punk, HC and "alternative" shows is to call the **Opec-Sid** line @ 212-ope-csid. It's a free local call and they update the message every Thursday morning. The weekly newspaper *NY Press* also does a great job at show listings and is available free throughout the city. I try to post cool, punk/HC-related shows on the Internet (alt.punk, alt.music.independent, alt.music.hardcore, etc.) whenever I can so check there too.



The Chimpanzees at Brownies

Punk-ish Happenings: Recently there have been some real punk extravaganzas in town: *Sound Views* 'zine threw a huge anniversary bash at Brownies with **Deadguy**, **The Chimpanzees**, **Hell No**, **Sweet Diesel** and **Iron Prostate**; the Grand before it closed, played host to Skampilation '94, a two day festival featuring a ton of Oi! and ska bands (including **The Templers**, **The Wretched Ones**, **Mephiskapeles**, **Oxblood**, **Slackers**, **Agent 99**, etc.); **United Front** successfully brought England's The Business to NYC (and the U.S.) for the first time ever; this Summer, the **Gas Station** played host to the **1994 Hardcore/Skacore Festival** as well as two huge matinee shows with bands as diverse as **Dropdead**, **Bad Trip**, **Dismay**, **Final Warning** and **Kisses N' Hugs** playing; on Long Island, **Reservoir Records** threw a "Fuck Lollapalooza" show featuring eight bands (**Garden Variety**, **Doc Hopper**, **Farkus Affair**, **Rye**, etc.) and in Brooklyn there have been a couple of shows at an illegal club called **The Front**, the last one featuring a bunch of great local HC/noise/grind/punk bands. Hopefully there will be more gigs there soon as it went really well, with a large, turn-out, and no problems (although the sound was less-than great).

Bands/Labels: There are so many, I'm sure I'll miss tons and piss people off. Oh well, here goes: Long Island's **Mind Over Mat-**

ter just finished touring Europe, and their debut LP *Security* (Wreck-Age Records, 451 W. Broadway, #2N, NYC 10012) is out now. Wreck-Age also recently released a mini-LP from Die 116 (featuring ex-members of Burn, Rorschach and Opposition), a new S.F.A. 7-inch, and the debut mini-LP from **GinMill** (which features a couple of guys from Crawlappy). Hate-core band, **Neglect** have left Wreck-Age to sign with Chicago's We Bite (POB 10172, Chicago, IL 60610) who just released a CD EP for the band. Speaking of hate, **Sheer Terror** have a brand-new CD EP/10-inch out on Black-out! Records (P.O.B. 544, Yonkers, NY 10710). Big Sniff is a band causing quite the buzz around here. They feature ex-members of Sheer Terror and Ludichrist, yet sound like neither. They opt for a more pop-HC sound. They have a German LP, a 7-inch on MintTone (84-29 153rd Ave., #LCD, Howard Beach, NY 11414), and an upcoming full-length on Grass Records/Dutch East India. **Hell No** have been playing out more often and have a new 7" coming out soon on Germany's X-Mist. **Madball** (whose last 7-inch was also on Wreck-Age), have a new full-length out called *Set It Off* on Roadrunner Records. The band is essentially Agnostic Front with Rodger's brother Freddie on vox. **Orange 9mm** (featuring Chaka from Burn and Chris from FountainHead), have an EP out on Revelation and a full-length coming out this fall on

EastWest/Atlantic Records. Also now on EastWest are **Sick Of It All**, whose major-label debut should be out by late September. **Warzone** have a new CD on Victory Records (POB 146546, Chicago, IL 60614) which features live tracks and newly recorded covers of old NY-punk songs by bands like The Abused, Youth Of Today, Damage, etc. Profile Records will also be re-issuing the bands first two LPs on one CD this September. Profile also recently re-issued **Murphy's Law's** first two LPs on one CD as well as the first two **Cro-Mags** LPs and a NY Hardcore compilation entitled *Sunday Matinee*, which was compiled by Jimmy of Murphy's Law and features bands like Reagan Youth, Bold, Youth Of Today, Bad Brains, etc. All female doom-core band **13** have been playing around quite a bit and are featured on *Pessimiser Fanzine's* new double 7-inch compilation with Eyehategod, Crisis, Spazz, Disassociate and others. They also have their own 7-inch and a split 7-inch with Grief (13 c/o Alicia, 227 Sterling Place., #1D, Brooklyn, NY 11238). Speaking of **Disassociate** (featuring Ralph of Jesus Chryst and ex-members of Missing Foundation and Black Rain), the band just released their debut 7-inch. Seven songs of ugly, brutal grinding punk (Splifford Prod., 32 E. 7th St., #1A, NYC 10009). Another ex-member band is industrial-punkers **Thorn**, which features guys from Nausea and Winter. They recently inked a deal with Road-

runner Records, so watch for their debut full-length soon. **Sweet Diesel** is a newer band with quite a "buzz." They have a really original, raw, fast hard sound, not unlike the Rolling Stones meets SSDecotrol. They have 7-inch out on Boston's Shifty Records. They hope to have a full-length out some time this winter (S.D. c/o Ben Smith, 5 Cranford St., Queens, NY 11375). **Youth Gone Mad** are still together after something like ten years and a gazillion members. They have a new CD called *Day Job* out on their own Moving Target Records (180 Varick St., 14th Fl., NYC 10014). Also on Moving Target is the debut full-length from surfy-pop-punk band, the **Gloo Girls** who also run their own all-female, punk moving company called Amazon Movers. **Garden Variety's** debut self-titled LP on Gern Blandsten has done super well, as did their cross-country tour this past Spring. They should have a split 7-inch with Hell No out soon on Reservoir Records and another split with **Dahlia Seed** out on MintTone Records (G.V. c/o Anthony, 44 Ormonde Blvd., Valley Stream, NY 11580). **25 Ta Life**, who sound like vintage Agnostic Front meets '90s moshcore just released their first 7-inch on Striving For Togetherness Records (P.O.B. 564571, College Pt., NY 11356-4571). **The Chimpanzees** have been making tons of noise with their pretty much all Japanese line-up and chimpanzees costumes. They have a full-length out on their own Stingy Banana Records called *El Chimp Grande* (29 Perry St., #1F, NYC 10014). Krishna-core band **108**, which features ex-members of Crown Of Thorns, Shelter, Resurrection, etc., just released their excellent second CD, *Songs Of Separation*, on Equal Vision Records (111 W. 24th St., 6th flr, NYC 10011-1912). Equal Vision will also be releasing the debut CD from young NY hardcore band, **Shift**. NY's most violent band, the noise/grind/hardcore-punk monstrosity known as **Altercate The Senses**, just finished recording a new full-length cassette called *Fuck Everyone* and have been destroying any club that hasn't banned them yet. **Killing Time** (a.k.a Raw Deal) are back together and rumor has it they will release a new full-length sometime soon on Blackout! Records. Also back together (at least for one show in Jersey) is **Bold**. *Supposedly Gorilla Bisuits* will be doing a one-off reunion tour

(although this is totally a rumor). **Medicine Man** have broken up. Other NY-based bands of note include: **The Denied**, **Unsane**, **Crown Of Thorns**, **New Republic**, **The Goops**, **Bugout Society**, **The Wives**, **Young Master Killers**, **Distraught**, **Die Monster Die**, **The Astro Zombies**, **Hot Corn Girls**, **Tape Worm**, **Bad Trip**, **Crisis**, **Sub Zero**, **WigHat**, **Road Vultures**, **Lone Wolves**, **Surgery**, **Rejuvenate**, **Timmy**, **Yuppicide**, **Merauder**, **Intrinsic Action**, **Iron Prostate**, **Pillbox NYC**, **Ff**, **Thrust**, **Dead Relatives**, **Public Nuisance**, etc. There's a lot more, but little space.

Record Stores: There are really no purely punk record stores, except **ABC No Rio's** which is out-of-the-way and in a pretty bad neighborhood. **Kim's Underground** (144 E. Bleeker St.) has a good 7-inch selection (probably the best in NYC), a good amount of industrial and noise imports and decent prices. Too much alterna-puke, though. **Venus Records** on St. Marks Place is pretty cool, they usually have some decent used punk/HC records and carry tons of rock CDs from the '60s/'70s. **Holy Cow** in Brooklyn is where you'll get the most for your trade-ins (9th St. @ 7th Ave.). For CD, 7-inch and video bootlegs, plus a good selection of hardcore and punk, check out **Generation Records** (Thompson St.). They also have a great selection of imports, including tons of Oi! and ska stuff. At the time of this writing I heard that Neil of **Tribal War** and **ABC No Rio** had opened a store somewhere in Brooklyn, but unfortunately I couldn't get any info. Check the ads in upcoming issues of *MRR* (and hopefully *Punk Planet*). I also heard that the guys/gals from Equal Vision Records were opening a store, write them c/o the above label address for more info. Other stores include: **Tower**, **Sam Goody**, **J&R**, **Second Comings**, **HMV**, **Downtown Music Gallery**, **Zapp**, **Sam Goody** and **Revolver**.

'Zines: I publish **Sound Views**, a bi-monthly newsprint 'zine that features all kinds of local bands, including punk/HC bands, audio and live reviews, columns, comics and more. We are not purely punk/HC, but if you're open-minded and want to know what's really going down in NYC, you'll dig it. You can pick it up free all over

NYC or get it mailorder for \$2ppd cash (96 Henry St., #5W, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713). Also free in NY is the excellent *Under The Volcano*, which covers more of the Long Island punk/hardcore scene and some bigger national punk and industrial bands. They also feature a great punk-interest column by *MRR-regular*, **Donny The Punk** and the **Paranoid** and **Roach Clip** mini-'zines (\$2ppd from P.O.B. 236, Nesconset, NY 11767). **NY Press** is free everywhere and has great local club listings and on the rare occasion features a local band that's not on a major label. **Bill Bugout Society** puts out the hilarious, ultra-obnoxious **Greedy Bastard** (\$1ppd from POB 1014, Yonkers, NY 10704-1014); the new issue features **Punk Rock Jews**, an "interview" with **Earth Crisis** and much more. **Jersey Beat** (418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087) is one of the longest running local 'zines. They are definitely punk, but open-minded to much, much more and always feature tons of profiles, record reviews and more. Their last issue is a must-have with its focus being "the selling of punk-rock." The **See Hear Bookstore** (59 E. 7th St., NYC 10003) is our local 'zine shop. They've got everything from punk to industrial to sex to trash-culture 'zines, plus all the local freebies on display. They've also got a great mailorder catalog for \$2ppd.

Bad Newz Dept.: **Chuck Valle**, long-time Murphy's Law bassist, was recently murdered while working in California. He was a major part of the NY scene and was currently playing with the band **Dripping Goss** as well as doing live sound at area clubs like the Grand. He will be sorely missed and this scene report is respectfully dedicated to his memory.

Okay, I think I've pretty much covered everything. If you got left out, sorry, there's only so much room and this thing is already huge. You can write me c/o Sound Views (96 Henry St., #5W, Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713) or send me email (lee96@mindvox.phantom.com <or> SoundViews@aol.com). Peace...

—Lee Greenfeld

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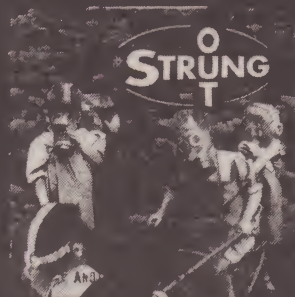
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JAWBREAKER

On July 23rd at the San Diego World Beat Center I had the opportunity to see one of my favorite bands, Jawbreaker. Before the show Adam Pfahler their drummer and Chris Bauermeister their bass player generously donated their time to speak with us in Duck's van in the parking lot. They were not only friendly and interesting, but showed us their humorous sides as well as letting us hear their personal philosophies and advice. If you like this interview, please send stamps for our 'zine "It's All Good" at P. O. Box 8535

Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067 because it relates to many of the topics that came

up in this interview.

Interview by Jason "Duck" Grossberg and David Selevan with a lot of help from John Zero and Tony.

PP: If you could pilot a UFO for a day, who would you abduct and why?

Adam: I think I would have to go back to E.T. and get Drew Berrymore.

Chris: Yeah, stealing Drew would be great. Adam: Chris has an obsession with Drew Berrymore and so does his girlfriend. The thing is, we play this game called what would you rather.

Let me ask you a question. What would you rather do, slide down that telephone pole, or would you rather tongue kiss Walter Kronkite for an hour with your eyes open?

PP: You know, I'm a little bit adventurous. I think I'd go for the Walter Kronkite one, just to say I did it.

Chris: That question was like comparing apples and oranges, you have to choose two pain ones like....

Adam: Going down the pole in 117 degree whether or go 75 miles per hour down the freeway and opening the door and dangling your foot out the door without a shoe on the ground for twenty sec-

onds until it gets right down to the bone and knuckles of your toes and then you have to squeeze lemon juice on it.

PP: I have tweezers, so I think I'd rather go for the telephone pole.

Chris: No, no wait. There is a condition on the telephone pole wasn't there? Oh yeah, you have to use boxing gloves if you want to get the splinters out.

Adam: And then you fall into a rose bush at the bottom of course.

PP: I'd go for the boxing gloves rose bush extravaganza. So, you have done split records with both Jawbox and Samiam, how do you feel about them signing to major record labels?

Adam: We are PROUD of them.

Chris: Yeah. They are friends of ours.

Adam: We have no problem with that. Obviously, we know a lot of people that signed. Just because we are not on a major label doesn't mean that we'll come down on people who are. We are very tolerant people.

PP: Will you ever consider signing to a major label?

Chris: Maybe, who knows?

Adam: People always ask if you would ever sign to a major label, but what can we say but that one must consider everything, you can't cut off options for yourself.

Chris: I'm almost 28 in a month and it's like well I could make more money or I could get a decent day job. What would you choose given the option?

PP: I wouldn't sell MYself out to rock and roll.

Adam: We won't begrudge our friends for doing something we didn't do. That's silly.

PP: The only people who will say you sold out are the 17 year old kids.

Chris: Who live with their parents anyway. Last night when Jawbox played people yelled 'get off the stage and let a real punk band play.' It turns out they were jazz musician college students who started listening to it like this year and decided to prove how hard they were and they had like long hair and rave t-shirts on.

PP: Like that one guy who likes NOFX and decides he is tough...



Chris: Exactly.

PP: What do you look for in a breakfast cereal?

Chris: I like sugar as the first ingredient. And texture is good. I recently got a pound and a half of Kellogg's Corn Flakes for 69 cents because we had awesome coupons.

Adam: I don't eat sugar cereal. I have granola that goes good in cereal or in yogurt and like all kinds of meals can be made from it.

Chris: It must have a man with a blue hat and a mustache and red berries. I look for the Cap'n basically.

PP: In recent news Cap'n Crunch was promoted to general.

Chris: I think it would be Admiral Crunch.

Adam: He is in the Navy and all.

PP: After touring with Nirvana, how were you affected by Kurt Cobain's death?

Chris: It is just really sad. He was a really cool guy. It sucks for anyone to kill themselves.

Adam: That totally affected us. We were on tour and our band had broken up and then we got bad news. That's just the worst thing that you can hear. We were as bummed out as anybody.

PP: Wallet chains, fashion or function?

Chris: Fashion. You can get a wallet that is small enough that you don't have to chain it to your body. Point and case, I don't own a chained wallet and Adam doesn't own a chained wallet.

Adam: When we did our tour I had one because I had to have one. It was loaded up with dough. That was function.

PP: I have a self help question. I'm in a band called Chump and was wondering if you had any advice for young bands?

Adam: Tour. We put out a 7" on a compilation.

Chris: We did stuff like "limited edition of 500" because we couldn't afford anymore than 500. On marble vinyl so maybe people would buy it for the vinyl if they didn't like the music.

PP: I get excited if I find something on black vinyl.

Chris: We released our first 7", and it depends on who hears it. It's so much luck more than skill. Stay around awhile. The longer you stay around, the more people that have heard of you.

Adam: Too many bands break up fast. You should play with bands that you generally get along with. It's cool and conve-

nient that way. We never thought that we would play in Europe or anything.

Chris: We played to your relatives our first show.

Adam: Yeah, it was like my brother.

PP: How do you feel about old song requests?

Adam: It's harsh because there's a lot we don't know how or don't want to play anymore because it's been so long. We didn't even play *Busy* when we toured in 1990 because it was so old then. The only thing that keeps you inspired and wanting to play is playing the new stuff. It's just that people don't know the words and can't sing along, we feel like we have to win people over. We try to play about half new stuff. When I go to see a band play I usually want to hear all their songs I know but if they played an entirely new set I would listen harder, it just wouldn't be as cathartic.

Chris: A lot of that 7" stuff is old as shit.

PP: I was told to ask you about sharp objects.

Chris: Well the latest thing is I'm not allowed to use glass. Dishware most of the time. Because I destroy them on a regular basis. I have bad luck with glasses. I recently destroyed plastic cups. Enen plastic cups aren't safe.

Adam: He's talking about your collection.

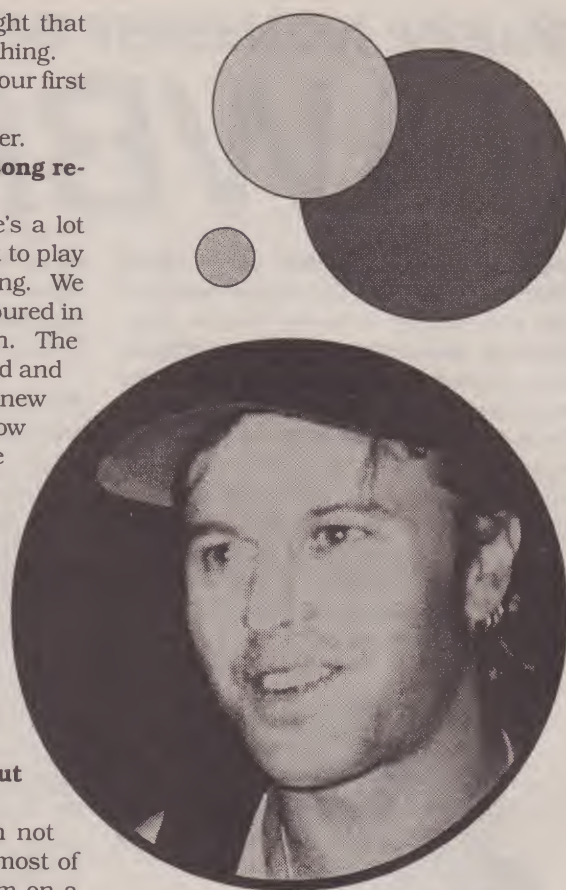
Chris: Oh knives? Swords? I've got lots of knives.

PP: So you are the kind of guy who goes to the Cutting Edge at the mall and yells 'GIVE ME A KNIFE!'

Chris: No, actually I collect mainly late 19th century German bayonets and swords.

PP: So you're a sick, sick man, that's what you're telling us.

Chris: Yes, I've got the spikey helmets, I've got the iron crosses. I've been collecting since I was 13 and my dad bought me a Civil War cavalry sword. Military antiques and history are my habit, I have hundreds of history reference books on military history and stuff, but my girlfriend likes me so that's OK. The uninformed think I'm a Nazi. I'm talking pre 1918. I used to collect some of the Nazi stuff but the political implications were a little too deep, so I stopped because I got tired of saying 'NO, I'm not a Nazi, I just collect the shit.' I have a strange sort of tie with the whole history of Germany because my



Dad's a German immigrant and grew up in Nazi Germany and I was born in Berlin. I'm a Germanophile. I'm sorry. I'll admit it freely.

PP: What's your favorite Kiss song?

Adam: I don't own any Kiss records.

Chris: Yeah, we were never down with Kiss. I think Blake put it best when he said Kiss covers were something Red Cross should do.

Adam: They're in the national subconscious.

Chris: Cheap Trick however, if you ask me about Cheap Trick.

PP: I'd rather not. A personal favorite I have is Fast Cars, Chicks, and the Crew by Motley Crew.

Adam: I had the first Motley Crew record and I was deep into punk at the time, like hardcore punk but I thought it was hot.

PP: What was the first show that you went to?

Chris: 7 Seconds in Connecticut.

Adam: I saw Black Flag, the decendents, and the Minute Men and Black Flag was playing as a 5 peice and that was pretty rad. That was as the Ukranian Culture Center in L.A. We used to see Black Flag play all the time. That was weird seeing them play as a 5 peice. I was scared shitless, I didn't know what was going on. I was like 'Oh my God The Minute Men and the Decendents, what the fuck?'

PP:What is the story of how you broke up?

Chris:We toured for three months and had never toured before.

Adam:Don't tour for that long.

Chris:The personality differences were way to great. Try to keep shows booked frequently. You need money in your pocket and gas in the tank.

PP:I've been noticing a lot in the papers and tabloids about government files circulating about aliens controlling everything. How do you feel about this, where do you stand, and what are your beliefs on the topic?

Chris:Alien invasion has been coming up a lot lately.

Adam:I was reading a thing on are 51 and it's pretty clear by the secrecy that somthings going on, either they are testing something or they found something. Who knows. It's not going to be like Close Encounters. We will never know. It boggles the mind. The implications of another group of things from somewhere else destroys the foundation of most religions.

Chris:The increased sightings of UFO's is a generalization of wishful thinking on the behaf of most people who want to think there's some place else, there's other people with civilizations, and they will come and save us or we will band against them and it replaces some places religion filled and helps people get over the fact that things suck so bad.

Adam:We hear about things in ancient civilizations in their art and we look at it now and we say it looks like a UFO but in the big blow up in post World War 2 or the MCarthy era or the communist scare and in films there was an onslought of science fiction and people everywhere

were seeing UFO's.I just saw a Discovery show and it was a documentery about people who claimed that they had been abductees and one of the main ponts was how close to Christianity their worship was and their faith in it and how it substituted it and they drove from each other, they would say who knows maybe Christ was an alien or how did they come up with such agriculture forms before we did but it's pretty interesting, the tape I saw because it was pretty harsh and manipulative because it showed

just blowing me away all the time. I had one really shitty dream that I lost all of my feeling and sensory perception and I was just sort of a brain thinking and it was total blackness and it was fading out and it was such a drag waking up, I just asked, is that it?

Chris:When you have a dream about guns do they work? Like instead of going bang!bang!Your dead, they go click!click!click!

PP:In my dreams I can't even aim the gun. I've noticed around here that the police have been harassing us a lot lately for such things as conspiracy to J-walk and curfew at 10:00. Do you see this also?

Chris:It varies from city to city.

Adam>Last tour I was stopped for speeding and they saw the junk in the van and they thought for sure we were dope dealers. They called in a DEA officer who had a dog and they said you can either voluntarily have our can searched or we could just take you down town so of course they searched the van with an hour to spare to a show so the drug guy had a little kit with him and he found crystal deoderant stuff because our rhodie had it and they thought it was pure cocaine and so he did a little lab test on our front seat with a little vial and it changed colors so an hour later we got sent home.

Chris:They said 'these are nice boys. They don't got nothin.'

Adam:We were in Georgia.

PP:Out here some people are starting a music coalition with some local bands playing so there was always a show and there would be one main band to draw a crowd.

Would Jawbreaker ever be interested in playing a show like this?

Chris:Yeah, we'll play anywhere. We played at a wedding reception recently. It's a question of how far the drive is and if we could get other shows at the same time.

Adam: We would have to make it so we could make it home and not lose all our money. We plan months in advance now. We know where we will be in August and September and in October we will be in Europe for six weeks. We get calls from



the people as kooks and that they were goofy and had wild ideas but it was kind of cool.

PP:Any bizarre dreams that you would like to share?

Chris:I had a dream that we were touring the antarctic and there were a bunch of sub-continents down there that don't really exist and we had to drive the van across the ice caps in order to get from show to show and we were really concerned because we didn't have any snow tires.

Adam:I used to have a lot of dreams where I got shot by police. I don't know why, I've never been arrested, the cops were

people who want songs for comps. people who are our friends and we're booked up and it's like we have nothing to give.

PP: We like the fact that you do comps. because they are usually cheap and have great bands. Will you ever re-release any of the out of print stuff?

Adam: Usually the things we would want to put out and keep in print we have. Like 'Kiss The Bottle' being on Music For The Proletariat we know that he is going to keep that in print as long as he can but some of the other stuff we don't want to play anymore so why re-record and re-release unless we were going to do a whole record of that stuff and sometimes it's kind of a rip-off when you get an album of a band and it's all their old demos and stuff. Tape them from people you know but certainly don't pay twenty bucks for a 7" because there is someone out there who has them.

Chris: Write Blacklist Mailorder. They have that shit for cheap.

PP: How do you feel about \$8 ticket prices?

Adam: When I book tours I try to keep the door down so it's always all-ages and always \$5. This one I didn't book at all, and we agreed because it is a co-headlining show and we figure a shitload of people would go see Jawbox and maybe a few people would come see us and a higher price wasn't like pulling teeth. We just came off a \$5 tour and here we have two DC bands and a local band and us, so I don't feel bad about the price. If someone doesn't want to pay \$8 I understand, but it's a good show.

PP: What was it like when Blake had throat surgery?

Adam: We were on tour and he spit something and it was just beat red like something that came from hell and we were like 'man you really ought to go see a doctor' and he had his throat checked before on the way to Europe somewhere in like Detroit or something and they gave him hormones and whatever but it obviously didn't work so we had to fly from Dublin to England to get surgery and they hooked him up because the person that booked our tour had a bunch of nurses living in the house so he got surgery but I split at that point and went to meet my

friend Lydia(sp?) and we went to Paris for like five days because there were so many people staying in the house while he was recovering and we had to give them peace so we didn't get to play England at all and it was scary and we'd call every day and ask how he was doing and he wasn't talking and when he finally did speak he sounded like a completely different person like how I remembered him in high school and it was bizarre. His voice was fucked up and it turned out to be a benign tumor on his vocal chord and that's pretty serious so we were scared shitless for him. It wasn't like oh bummer our tours gonna get cancelled it was like holy shit is he ever going to be alright.

PP: Was it from smoking?

Adam: No, he was just prone to it but smoking might have helped it. He quits all the time.

PP: What kind of people do you guys meet?

Adam: Chris has a lot of people relate to him, sort of his own following. He meets up with some really bizarre people who love him because he is nuts and he is smart. He majored in philosophy and literature.

PP: Are there any new releases that you would like to talk about?

Chris: Did you get the new Smitten comp.? On Karate in LA?

There's a song on is that Adam doesn't like any more but we like. Do you have the Lookout! comp.?

Adam: We also just recorded one song in LA that we will play tonight. It is for a 7" with four bands.

PP: We would like to thank J a w -

breaker for doing this interview. They can be reached at Jawbreaker P.O.Box 411324, San Francisco CA, 94141.



DEFIANCE

Chances are that if you've heard anything about the Defiance/Inhumane tour this summer it's been stuff that makes them look like complete drunken assholes. Although I understand that was an applicable description on a few occasions (South Carolina), it is overall not true. When they came through our parts for a show I set up for them they couldn't have been cooler. They were drunk, but definitely not assholes. So after those few words trying to clear up their reputation a bit here's Jon Entropy, Matt Berland, and my interview with Defiance. -Will Dandy



P.P.: So, what are your names and what instruments do you play?

Kelly: I'm Kelly and I play bass.

Mike: I'm Mike and I play guitar.

Kelly: Gibby sings, Tony sings and Eric plays drums

P.P.: How did the band get started?

Kelly: We've all kinda been playing in bands for a few years now and all of our former bands broke up and we decided to form a new one and there was nothing happening in Portland, Deprived had been broken up for a few years and Resist had broken up and Unamused had broken up and Portland needed something more than was existing at that point.

P.P.: So do you think of the band as like more of a political statement, or is it just having fun, or a bit of both?

Kelly: I like to say there's a combination of both. It's hard to be really political and dogmatic after a point, I try to live whatever political expression I express as much as I can in my life, but there's a point where it becomes really impractical to actually go out and destroy buildings and smash governments and stuff. That's why I kinda distance myself from the lyrical content of the band just because I think most people don't really back-

up what they have to say and I don't wanna be a hypocrite, so I'm not really going to say a whole lot about toppling the government or whatever.

P.P.: What are your political beliefs then?

Kelly: A bit too complicated to sum up in one phrase, I consider myself an anarchist and I'd say I believe everything that I've ever written about it, I just think it's hard to have a really gung-ho political band when most bands like that really don't put any of their lyrics into practice.

P.P.: Do you guys come from a big political scene in Portland?

Mike: No, not really.

Kelly: It's mainly, pretty much, political bands talking about doing shit and not doing shit at all. I mean there's a few active individuals. There's an active Food Not Bombs group, but most the political groups in Portland just end up self-destructing after awhile after a lot of soap-opera crap. People really just can't seem to get along. There was anti-racist action and all that stuff I think even an A.Y.F. was attempted at one point, but people don't work well with each other.

P.P. So, why'd you decide to start your own record label?

Kelly: Pretty much because there's a lot of really good bands out there that no one has ever heard of and I really wanna do my best to promote them. It's up to people to keep doing underground labels and keep releasing things by underground bands just to keep the punk scene going. I really can't seem to get myself to do enough as far as the punk scene goes. I am always really frustrated that I'm not doing enough. That's

why I end up totally over extending myself and coming close to nervous breakdowns all the time. It really frustrates me to see people not doing that sort of thing, ya know: not doing zines, not doing labels, not doing bands, so I figured I'll just do as much as I can and hopefully people will follow the example. There's a lot of really underrated, really cool bands out there that no one's ever heard of and hopefully I can try and promote them.

P.P.(whispering): Nihilism [our band].

Kelly (before hearing us): There's a lot of shit coming out right now, hopefully I can do my part to counteract that.

P.P.(Will): One of the guys where I work, which is basically a center for hicks, was wondering where in the world do you guys work with crazy hair and tattoos like you have? It's not my question; he wanted me to ask you.

Mike: We all work different shitty jobs.

P.P.(Jon): I heard one of you worked at Subway for a time.

Mike: Yeh, Eric did.

P.P.(Jon): That's where I work. It's punk rock.

Kelly: I work in an appliance parts warehouse.



P.P.(Will): Hey, I work in a warehouse too!

Kelly: Heeey, we have our share of hicks to deal with, but after awhile they get used to it. We still get hair jokes every once-in-awhile, but it's all in fun I think. It's not really that malicious. Our employers are pretty cool. They're letting us take a month and a half off to tour.

P.P.(Matt): Do you have any good tour stories?

P.P.(Will): Why don't you tell us about all your crazy instances.

P.P.(Jon): We've only got a 110 minute tape.

P.P.(Will): Ok, why don't you tell us about the funny ones.

Kelly: Well, we've had a lot of adventures on tour, not many of them funny. Mike had an adventure a few days ago, would you like to tell them about that?

Mike: Not particularly. It seems like you can do pretty much anything you want in South Carolina except call a highway patrolman a "dumb hick."

(laughter)

Mike: Some of these guys went out, I wasn't there, they went out all drunk and went joy-riding around to say the least.

Kelly: Side-swiping cars and smashing cars.

Mike: They got pulled over...you continue.

Kelly: We almost all ended up in jail that night cause we took the van out and did basically that and got pulled over. We got pulled over and at that point we were pretty much so drunk that we couldn't even stand and we

were trying to explain to the police officers...we gave them the old "we are from out of town" routine.

Mike: We didn't know we couldn't hang out the van smashing cars with baseball bats.

Kelly: We didn't realize you couldn't drive by cars with a baseball bat and smash their windshields. We didn't realize you couldn't play windshield baseball. After like half-an-hour of talking to these cops...

Mike: Passing the drunk driving test.

Kelly: They tried to give one to Lee, the bass player from The Inhumane [who they were touring with]. They made him walk the line and he took one step and he couldn't do it. The cop said, "Come on son be honest with me; how many beers have you had?" and he said, "Fuck, I won't lie to you. I'm wasted!" Miraculously enough they let us go. The cop got in the van and pulled it off the side of the road and sent us on our way only to find out when we got home, in the early morning hours, that one of us wasn't quite as lucky as we were in their police encounter. They're pretty lenient there. If you insult their fragile little egos...

Mike: If you basically call them what they are...

Kelly: The cops are sensitive in Columbia.

P.P.: They're 90's cops.

Mike: That's one of the many little clever things that we've done.

Kelly: Just wait for the rumors to start flying.

Mike: What else clever happened? We lost somebody in New York.



Kelly: He lost it and left. He lost himself.

Mike: Inhumane lost a singer there also. He just decided to move to New York that night. Must have had some kind of impression on him...

Kelly: We've done a lot of fun things...went swimming a couple times, met a lot of cool people. Developed some hatreds.

Mike: We got to know each other as people a lot better than we meant to.

Kelly: Or should have...

P.P.: Do you guys have any new albums or 7-inches or splits coming out?

Kelly: Pretty soon after we get back hopefully the new EP will be out.

Mike: It's already been recorded so it shouldn't be too hard to get it out.

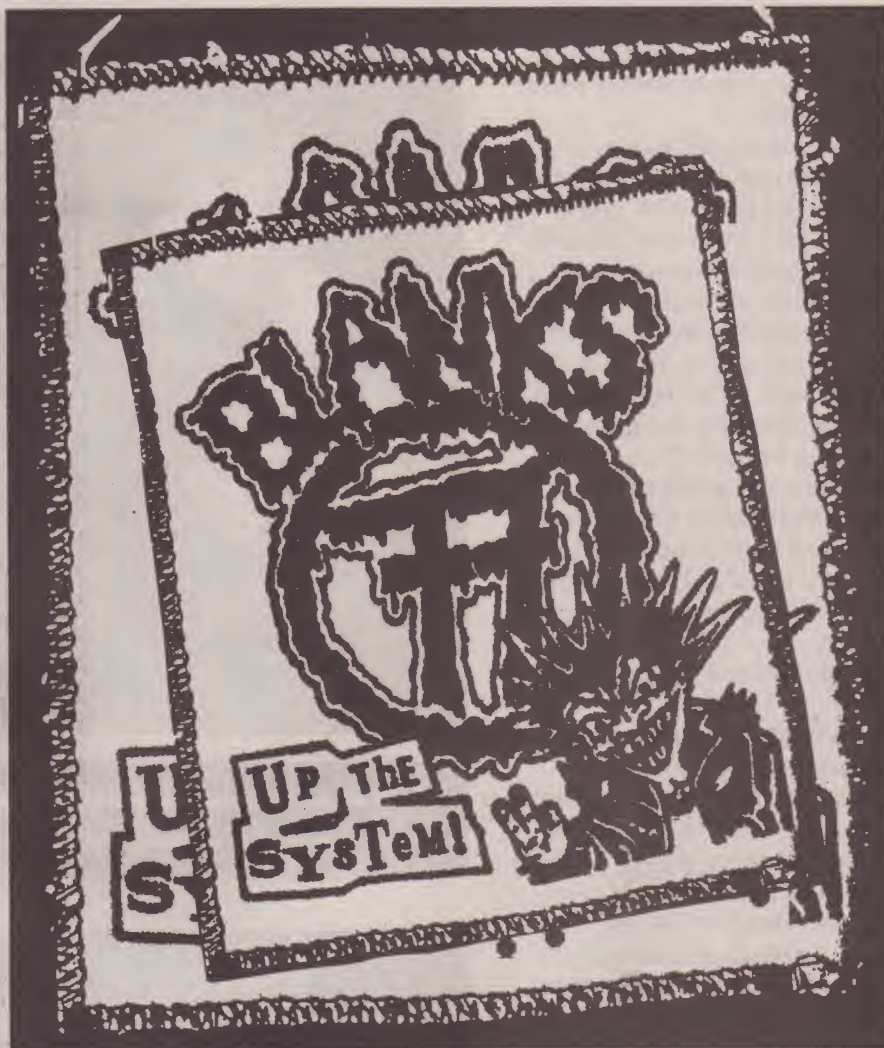
Kelly: We're thinking about doing a split 5" with a German band, yet to be determined. It'll be a collaboration between my label and a German label. I get to choose a band and he gets to choose one. Hopefully by next year we'll have an LP. We'll be on a couple comps too.

P.P. Do you guys have any addresses, comments, anything?

Kelly: We have plenty of comments...best left unsaid.

Mike: Just give us a topic...

Kelly: If anybody wants any info on the band or my label, Consensus Reality, write to 1951 West Burnside #1654; Portland, OR 97209.



Blanks '77 are a great pogo punk band that I managed to catch on their nationwide "You Go" tour. They played with Submachine to create what was probably the heaviest show I've ever seen live. Before they played my ever-present friend Matt and I talked to them outside the club. The pudding is apparently some MTV/inside joke thing with them...I don't really understand.-Will Dandy

P.P.: To begin, who are you and what do you play?

Renee: I'm mike and I sing...no...I'm Renne and I play guitar.

P.P.: How'd the band get started?

Renee: Do you want the true version or the fake one?

P.P.: The true version...no both.

Renee: There was an ad in the paper that I put in and Mike and Chad answered it and that's how I met them and we've gone through two other bass players and Tim is our new bass player. He joined up in February and he's the only one that we've all gotten along with so far. The other two didn't work out.

P.P.: What's the fake version?

Renee: Chad and Mike met me at a strip bar called Frank's Chicken house at which I was working and they picked me up (laughter) and that's how we met. Actually I'm not a stripper, never have been, never will be.

Mike (to Renee): Tell him about the pudding.

Renee (to Mike): He's gonna ask me about the pudding later, I told him to ask me.

Mike: Make sure you ask about the pudding.

P.P.: Ok, I'll save that for later. Do you have any favorite tour stories or any stories at all?

Renee: Last night I walked over to tell him what song we were gonna do and I was walking back and tripped over something and fell right down.

Tim: She tripped over a Mike's cord.



Renee: I tripped over a Mike's microphone cord and fell right down and continued playing and only missed like one note and Chad our drummer didn't even see it. Mike usually is the one who falls down, but I did last night. I was very proud of myself.

P.P.: Pretty impressive...falling down out of drunkenness or just random something or another?

Renee: No, if it was because I was drunk it probably would have been cooler and I didn't know what the hell was going on, all of a sudden I was just airborne and then I hit the ground and I said, "Well, I might as well just keep playing." So, I laid on the ground and played the rest of the song.

P.P.: So, what are the politics behind the band?

Renee: Oh, there's no politics...no...I mean...

P.P.: Just plain punk rock fun?

Renee: We like to have more fun, we don't preach anything.

P.P.: So, If you could crush anything in one of those big car crushing things that they have at dumps what would you crush?

Renee: (long silence) The van because I never want to go in it again after riding in it for fifteen straight hours, it's fuckin' hell.

P.P.: Is it your van?

Renee: It's our bass player's, actually he just sold his soul to buy that to bring it on tour.

P.P.: So, that's why you're letting him stay on as the bass player...

Renee: Shhh...don't tell him...Don't tell him!

(laughter)

P.P.: Sorry...

Renee: As soon as the tour is over we're gonna kick him out. Shh, don't tell him, it's a secret.

P.P.: So...how 'bout that pudding?

Renee: I'm happy you asked me about the pudding. Because you might say to yourself, "where did you get \$240 worth of pudding?" You coulda had a \$100 worth of pudding, and that would have been a lot of puddin'. We had the 240 we had to

get the pudding. Thank you for asking me about the pudding by the way...You've never seen that on MTV?

P.P.: No, I don't get cable.

Renee: No one gets it, everyone wants to kill us at this point.

P.P.: Do you have any records or new releases coming out?

Renee: Yeah, we've got, well the newest thing that we've got with us right now is our 10" (*Up the System*) and we're coming out with a picture disc on Headache records, a picture 7".

P.P.: When is it going to be out?

Renee: Well, when we get back all we have to do is take our picture. It's recorded; everything is recorded, so once we get the picture done...ya know...however long it takes to make.

P.P.: How many other releases do you have out?

Renee: Two 7"s, the 10", three tapes, and we recorded like fifteen songs, we're gonna be on like a bunch of different compilations. There's this one compilation about drinking, it's coming out and we have a song on that and a bunch of other ones.

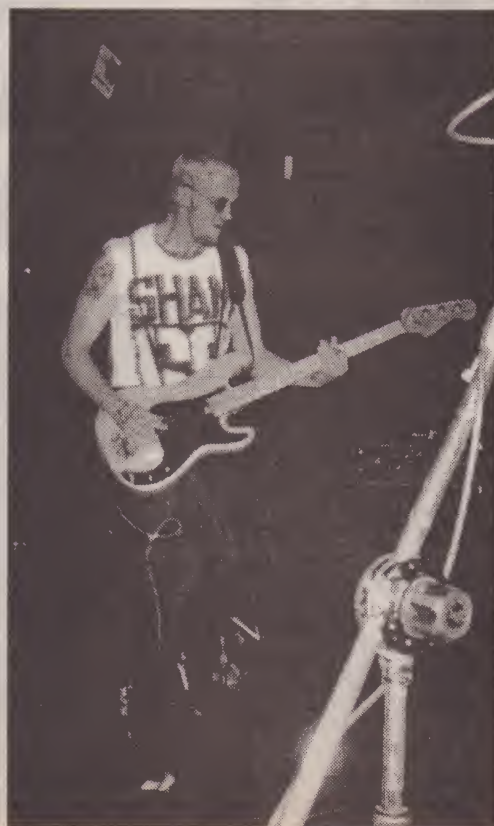
P.P.: Do you have any juicy gossip about anyone?

Renee: Mike and Chad are having a homosexual love affair. Their girl friends don't know. This is all of the record by the way. Submachine [the band they're touring with] is now going to kill Ajax [guitarist for Aus-Rotten filling in for missing Submachine guitarist] because we now have him saying, "puddin'" at all possible moments in time.

P.P.: So, do you have any last comments or an address where people can reach you?

Renee: Yeah, if they wanna buy our stuff or write to us or anything it's 1303 Myrtle St; Hillside, NJ 07205.

P.P.: Thanks.



PROPAGANDHI



In case you've missed them Propagandhi is a great Canadian, melodic hardcore band. They recently played somewhere in my town and before their excellent show, my friends Matt Berland, Jon Entropy and I took the opportunity to interview them. They're really nice guys and play awesome music. Be sure to check them out for yourself!

Punk Planet: Who are you and what do you play?

Jord: Me name Jord, I play drums.

John: and I'm John and I play bass.

Chris: and I'm Chris and I do the rest.

P.P.: Oh...What's that?

Chris: The trombones and stuff like that...

P.P.: How'd you guys get started?

Jord: Me and Chris went to grade ten together. Chris moved to the city, I stayed in a small town. I went to the city two years later to go to the university. We talked about doing a band for about two years, then finally we started jamming, met John and we started playing.

P.P.: Is there a big anarchist or underground political scene in Canada?

Jord: In Canada as a whole? I think it is in various different regions. Where we live...would you categorize it as anarchist?

Chris: No, not in the punk rock sense of the word like Profane Existence or stuff, but there's people from different backgrounds, even different cultural backgrounds, getting together and networking along the same sort of lines, towards some sort of anti-authoritarian thing, but it's not classified like the A.Y.F. or anything.

P.P.: Why did you make your 7" cover over the NO-FX album?

Chris: Cause we didn't know what size the 7" cover should be, so we just grabbed a 7" cover with NO-FX on it and drew all over it.

the world. I think more people have died as a result of U.S. foreign policy than all the people that have died in all the wars put together in the world pre-1945. I think it's insane. I think it's the world's biggest terrorist organization, the U.S. government.

John: And yet the Canadian government acts as a lap dog and a henchman to that.

Jord: Yeah, but it a much lesser form.

Chris: Even beyond all that it's just a safer place to be.

P.P.: Are there guns in Canada?

Chris: There's guns, but not like here.

John: There's no handguns.

Jord: I'm not trying to paint a pretty picture of Canada. The government there has been involved in cultural genocide of the native peoples all over the country ever since the start of the government there.

P.P.: Who would you say has most influenced your sound?

Everyone: (random insults pointed at Jon for asking THAT question...)

Chris: (in deep scary voice) Venom!

Jord: You mean our style for how we play our instruments?... For drumming, I don't know, it's like anything from Rush to Van Halen to Government Issue to the Subhumans.

P.P.: Make up a question and answer it...ask a different band member.

Chris: When are you getting your mohawk John?

John: Soon Chris, very soon.

P.P.: Interesting...so...tell us something generic about the differences between Canada and the U.S.A.

Jord: In a way I'd say that it's different, but alot the same.

P.P.: Which is better?

Chris: Better? I don't think there's a better. I think there's a less worse.

Jord: I'd have to say that that'd be Canada just cause of the historic treatment by the U.S. of other cultures and how it economically dominates alot of other societies in



P.P.: As far as politics go, are you guys more into the resistance through legislation or are you into that revolution, destroy, blow it up thing?

Chris: I don't think you can separate the two, really. If you start working for change within the system, then I'm sure after a few years you just develop a case for nihilism. Obviously there's just some things

port people destroying things the way they are now because I think that alternative of having no system right now would much worse than this shitty one that we have today.

Chris: Yeah, because everyone's conditioned so badly. There's two things. It's way easier to destroy than create, which is an argument for not destroying. Just that it

that can't be changed through non-violent means. Look at the Zapatistas. South Africa reached a certain point where with non-violence it's not gonna go any farther because the middle class are the class that represents the A.N.C. and it's not going to jeopardize what it has now, so all the poor people in South Africa are gonna be disfranchised from the A.N.C. now and are gonna have to use violence.

John: Well...unless they can somehow incorporate that into their social policy which has happened in certain countries before.

Jord: Yet the kind of destroy, the kind of revolution-now, anarchism of a lot of the punk scene is often, it seems to me, very inactive because, really, who's gonna go out and shoot some cops and tear down the system. The people who are actually accomplishing something are probably 40 years old off in coalitions out protesting.

Chris: The page three drunk punks aren't going to be doing anything.

John: Myself, I'm pretty undecided on the whole fact; like, in a way you get so frustrated that things can't just change overnight, but in the other sense, I can't sup-

port people destroying things the way they are now because I think that alternative of having no system right now would much worse than this shitty one that we have today. takes more commitment to create something instead of just smashing something down. But the other argument is that, this is another weird quote and I'm not sure how I feel about it, is that if we can't have complete revolution then we'll settle for revenge, which I can sometimes see because this world is just, fucking, a ball of shit and you might as well go out with a bang, in a blaze of glory. Like it's a dumb thing to say, but I don't know, I can relate to the sentiment, but I hope I never do it.

John: I could sympathise with with people who have had much worse sufferings than I have.

Jord: Right now I'd be more content to just, I don't know, observe things.

John: I think I can see that argument used for the Zapatistas, but I can't really see it for myself. But I see what Chris means by that. I think local grass-roots action involving people from all classes and autonomous organisations that are usually, without fail, outside of the punk scene, are really important things to be involved in. Actually, the only important thing to be involved in.

Chris: Yeah, the punk scene will only ever represent a cultural revolution at best, and it will be a tiny one.

(eerie silence)

P.P.:After that a question like, "Is Venom really your biggest influence?" would be really assinine, so I'm not gonna ask that.

Chris: Well, they were a huge influence because where I came from, and sorta where Jord came from too, there was really no way to access punk rock because the only thing we knew about it was that there was a band called the Sex Pistols, and I thought it was stupid.

Jord: ...or the Clash.

Chris: Yeah, but it was so low profile for me and then everyone liked Iron Maiden and Judas Priest and if you didn't like them you were an asshole. I grew up on a military base and I hated everyone and I found this record one day with a pentagram on the front and everyone hated Venom so I bought it, and it was basically a punk rock band. For the next seven years I just bought all the speed metal stuff.

Jord: That influenced me too because he had these records that I'd never heard before and I was like, "Holy fuck this is insane!"

P.P.: So you sorta moved from metal to punk then.

Chris: Venom is the reason I'm still alive today, I think.

John: I came from the other direction.

Chris: He was in the city though, and had more access to ideas.

John: Yeah, I grew up in the suburbs and stuff.

P.P. (jokingly): Do you skate?

Jord: Nobody in the band skates or ever will skate.

John: Iceskate!

Chris: We don't skate, we have no tattoos, and no piercings, and no colored hair, and Jord has a mustache.

John: And no mohawks either.

P.P.: Do you have any last comments?

Chris: Minimize your participation in the capitalist system, however you can. Go vegan or vegetarian.

John (muttering): At least...

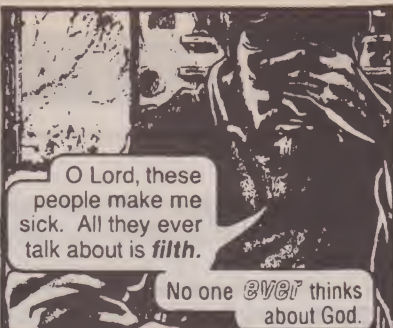
Chris: Have a sense of humor about it all, I guess.

Jord: Legalize hemp.

Chris: Our address is P.O. Box 3-905 Corydon Ave; Winnipeg, MB R3M 3S3; Canada.

P.P.: Thanks alot.





O Lord, these people make me sick. All they ever talk about is **filth**.

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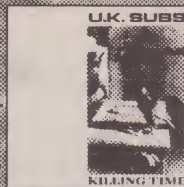
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I lean on the counter staring out the kitchen window. From the next room I can hear Joy Division. I've been listening to them all day. The song is "The Eternal," which has got to be one of the saddest, most wretched songs that has ever been written.

Once, when I was really depressed - no, not like now, I mean really, really depressed - I put the CD player on repeat, and listened to that song 27 times in a row while I lay there on my bed completely out of my mind and mostly out of my body from a combination of valium, codeine, and Canadian whiskey. Somehow I'd gotten the idea that if I made myself sad enough I could just will myself dead, and that song would be the one to do the trick.

It didn't work, although up to about the twenty-fifth time, I really thought it might. After that I just got bored, and then I never listened to that CD again for about a year or two. Didn't even listen to Joy Division at all, in fact, which is kind of weird when you think about how other times I get totally obsessed with them, the way I am now.

If you're familiar with "The Eternal," you know how it's got that stately bass line, and then the piano comes in all majestic-like, and the first thing the singer starts talking about is "the procession moves on." And you can see it, shrouded figures moving in time to the music, moving through the thickest, densest fog there ever was, past a stone wall overhung by a twisted old oak with bare branches black against the forever sky.

But it's not figures I see now, and there's no wall, and the oak tree on the edge of my garden is mostly white from the wet snow that clings to it. The flakes, enormous, garishly shaped ones, move in time to the music. It's not my imagination. I can see it right in front of me: every time the music strikes another of those mournful notes, the whole set of snowflakes arrayed across my window moves one more increment toward the ground.

THE DEATH OF A DISCO DANCER

by Larry Livermore

Already the road is impassable. If this keeps up, the snow will be at least three feet deep by morning. It might be a month before I can get out of here. I'm glad, or at least I don't care. I don't want to go anywhere, and this gives me the perfect excuse.

The last time I was snowed in here - that must be ten years ago, no, twelve. We were just kids; Anne was still living here, and it was a big adventure riding out the storm together. This will be different. There's plenty of food this time, even if it's only spaghetti and rice. But nobody to talk to, just a piano, a guitar, and all those books I've been meaning to read for years. I just went over to set the CD player to repeat "The Eternal" a few more times, and while I was away from the window - not more than a couple minutes - I'd swear the snow got an inch deeper just like that.

Two weeks ago I was listening to the same song and watching the same sort of snowflakes fall across my window on the other side of the world. The difference was that in London the snow rarely sticks to the ground, and even when it does, it doesn't usually last more than a day or two. So even though the view out my window might have looked every bit as fantastic, it was all

rather meaningless, rather like one of those glass balls that you shake to create a snowstorm.

Here in the mountains of northern California, snow can be a very serious matter - life and death, in fact, if you're not prepared for it. In London it's largely decorative, and at worst, a picturesque inconvenience. I really appreciated it that particular day, though, even though I was a little worried that it might close the airport and delay my flight back to California.

Normally the prospect of returning to California makes me gloomy, even resentful, but this was one time I was glad to be going. For once I'd had my fill of London. The grey skies and soot-covered tenements that usually make my heart sing with a delightful sort of melancholy had begun to nearly sicken me.

As I watched the snow slip past my window that afternoon, I was seized with an abrupt but brief burst of panic. For that moment, I really did think that London was on the verge of being snowed under. But by walking across the room and looking down at the dark, wet street where the snow had barely accumulated at all, I allayed my fears, and was able to return to the brooding that had occupied me all day long.

It was a Sunday - days like that very nearly always are - and I hadn't slept all weekend. I usually stay up quite late anyway, and hadn't even started to think about going to bed when the knock at the door came about 3:30 Saturday morning.

It was a firm knock, and an inconsiderately loud one for that hour. I immediately sensed that it meant trouble, but then, I usually think of any intrusion on my privacy as trouble. The knock had an air of authority that made it impossible for me to ignore, though normally I have no trouble doing just that to unexpected callers. In the year I'd spent in London, I'd grown quite accustomed to being alone; in fact the desire to be alone was one of my main reasons for being there.





As I said, I expected trouble, but I didn't expect to see the police. I had been thinking more along the lines of a drunken acquaintance who had suddenly decided that I was his best friend and needed at that very moment to hear his life story in copious detail. Or perhaps it was a gang of robbers, who would tie me up and beat me mercilessly, or the landlord calling to reclaim his flat, or a telegram informing me that my parents had suddenly passed away with a revised will that left me nothing at all.

But it was indeed the police, four of them, and they looked more serious than I cared to see them looking. They studied me with more than casual interest while one of them asked, "Are you acquainted with a Mr. Paul Stead, sir?"

"Yes, he lives in the flat across the road," I answered, bewildered by this line of questioning.

"And are you a friend of his?"

"That would be hard to say. I haven't seen him in some time, except occasionally passing in the street." I didn't explain that I had seen Paul passing more than occasionally, but it had mostly been while I was essentially spying on him from my window.

He had made it clear that we had little or nothing to talk about, and I had begun to feel so awkward that I would retreat back into my building if there was a chance of meeting him on the street. From above I would study him for any sign that he was aware of my presence, or that he might be thinking about what had gone on between us.

Or had anything gone on at all? Had I turned a casual flirtation, a pleasant affair, into far more than it was ever meant to be? That had been one of Paul's favorite charges back when we used to have those discussions about who had done what to whom.

"Maybe you imagined something very different from what I saw or felt," was the way he liked to put it. I thought it a brutally insensitive thing to say, for I knew beyond a doubt that he had once felt very strongly about me. So strongly, in fact, that I found it impossible to understand how he could claim to have no feelings at all now.

Nothing drastic had changed; there hadn't been any fight or argument, nothing more than the everyday flareups of tension that you expect between people who are ex-

tremely close. There had just been that day, when, after a week of avoiding me and making pathetic excuses every time I'd invited him to do something, he'd hit me with, "I don't feel the same way about you anymore."

Without even waiting to find out what way he did feel about me, I went into a tailspin that had me sobbing one moment and angrily denouncing him the next. He was ungrateful, he was insensitive, he didn't know what he was doing, I should never have wasted so much of my valuable time on him, you know, all the clichés that spurned lovers heap upon the one who has rejected them.

After we'd separated that day, Paul made a few token efforts to communicate with me, but I rudely rebuffed him. Either he was going to be my lover as before, or I was determined to feel nothing but contempt for him. Before you judge me too harshly for that, please bear in mind that I had never felt very secure in anyone's affections, and even my most passionate loves had been discolored by a persistent mistrust. Put very simply, I could not comprehend why or how anyone could truly love me, and as a result, few people did, and of those few who did, none could stay with me once they learned the scope of the demands I placed upon them.

All of these thoughts raced through my brain - as they had a thousand times before - in the time it took the police officer to form his next sentence: "When did you last see Mr. Stead?"

"To speak to? Or just see him?"

An almost invisible hint of irritation flitted across the unruffled countenance that I once thought they issued as standard equipment to British police. "When did you last see him?" he repeated.

"Um, tonight, I mean last night, I mean to say earlier this evening, about 9 o'clock."

"That would be Friday evening, at about 9 o'clock? And did you speak to him at that time?"

"No, I just saw him going by in the street. I was looking out the window."

"And have you had any further contact with Mr. Stead since then?"

"No, that was the last time I saw him."

"You didn't speak to him on the telephone after that?"

"I told you, we haven't spoken in some time."

"Bit of a lover's tiff, then?" His eyebrows arched ever so slightly to match the tone of his voice.

"I'm not sure that's anybody else's business." I said it as politely as possible, but it still sounded rude. That's the way it is with the British, though; they can just stand there looking at you and make you feel uncouth.

"I'm not sure either, but I suspect that it might be. Would you get your coat, please? I'm going to have to ask you to go with us."

"What? Am I under arrest? What's going on?"

"You're not under arrest at present. However I will have to ask you to accompany us, and you may be charged with an offense if you refuse."

As we drove through the mostly deserted streets, I tried to pump them for information, but they weren't talking. One of the cops finally told me, not very politely, to shut up.

We hadn't driven very far, but we'd been going so fast, and by an unusual route, that I'd lost track of where we were. Suddenly I recognized the familiar sights of Notting Hill Gate. Just a few blocks farther on, the car pulled to a quick stop at the walkway coming out of Holland Park. There were half a dozen cop cars there already; the place was lit up like a Christmas tree with all the flashing red and blue lights.

One of the cops bundled me out of the back seat and half led, half pushed me up the walkway. Some detectives were standing there, one with a notepad, and a photographer looked like he was getting ready to take some pictures. That's when I noticed the blanket lying on the pavement.

Well, more precisely, it was covering something lying on the pavement, and while I didn't want to think about what that something might be, I was beginning to have a sneaking suspicion it wouldn't be pretty.

It wasn't. At a nod from the officer, one of the detectives flicked the blanket aside. It was a body, all right. At first glance, you might have thought it was a drunk who'd passed out, but it didn't take long to spot the blood. There was a lot of it, on the pavement, and covering much of the poor guy's face. The initial wave of horror hadn't quite

finished washing over me when I started wondering why I'd been brought here to see this. In the same instant, the detective turned his flashlight directly on what was left of the face and said, "Recognize him?"

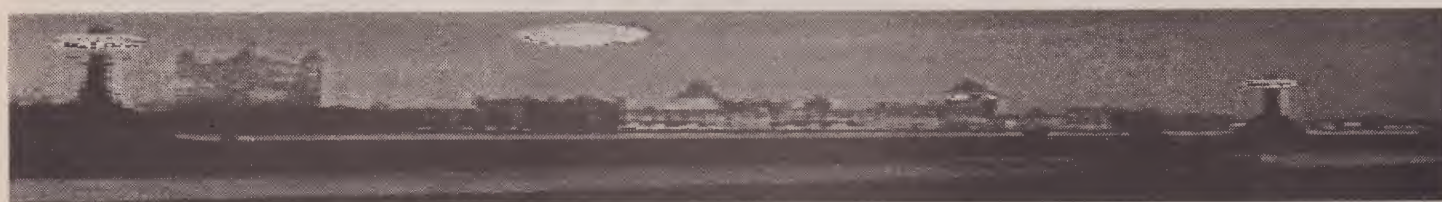
Suddenly it dawned on me, and I really didn't even have to look anymore to know that it was Paul. In fact, as soon as I'd given the unbloodied portion of his features enough of a once-over to satisfy myself, I deliberately turned away and refused to look at him again.

and it was getting on toward dawn. Or at least I thought it was; with a rude start I realized that what I had taken for the first bleary gray light of morning was really coming from a bank of fluorescent tubes down the hallway, and that here, somewhere in the bowels of the district headquarters, no natural light ever intruded.

What was the nature of my relationship with Mr. Stead. "I'm not quite sure," I said, in all honesty, though of course they thought I was stalling for time. The detectives stood and sat in a semi-circle around me, some

running commentary about why the north of England was superior in very nearly every way to the cold-hearted and mercenary south. "It's only too bad a bloke's got not much choice but to come south if he wants a hope of doing ought for himself."

His smile was rueful at that thought, but a moment later, he had grown enthusiastic once more about London and its possibilities, its night life, its style. "I didn't want to come here, it's true, but I'll make



"Not a very pleasant sight, is it?" I didn't know which one of the cops had spoken. I didn't care.

"Can you identify the victim?" said another.

"Yes," I said, with difficulty. "It's Paul Stead."

"You don't seem that surprised to see him like this."

"What's that supposed to mean? You come drag me out of my house at 3:30 in the morning asking questions about Paul Stead, then you show me his body with his face all smashed in. What do you expect me to do? Scream and throw myself around like this was some Hollywood movie? He and I were once very close. We're not anymore. But I still cared about him. A lot. I'm in shock, what else can I say?"

Nobody answered me. I looked around the circle of cops. They seemed more like an audience watching me on stage, and I was supposed to be the one who knew what comes next.

Finally, when it became obvious that I wasn't going to say anything else, one of the detectives looked me hard in the eye and said, "What exactly was the nature of your relationship with Mr. Stead?"

It wasn't so much that I didn't want to answer, but that I didn't know how to even begin answering. I asked myself the same question, and it set my brain whirling until it felt like my whole body was being dragged along with it, and the last thing I remembered for a while was puking my guts out into some nearby bushes.

"What exactly was the nature of your relationship with Mr. Stead?" There was that question again, only now I was seated in an interrogation room surrounded by detectives

with sympathetic, tell-me-a-story looks on their faces, others emanating sheer menace of the let's-have-it-before-we-beat-it-out-of-you variety. I focused my attention on the kinder expressions, and let my thoughts wander over the previous year, not taking any particular notice of exactly what I said. I honestly didn't care what I told the cops; I was more interested in answering the question for myself.

I met him in the Portobello Cafe, just after I'd gotten back from that crazy trip to Czechoslovakia. He saw me looking at a fanzine I'd picked up there - and I mean looking, because I don't understand a word of Czech, and leaned across the table to ask, "What the bloody hell sort of language is that?"

Funny thing was, he had such a thick accent he might as well have been speaking Czech himself. Well, all right, I'm exaggerating; with some effort I could make out about every other word, and once I'd gotten used to the way his voice would rise and fall, I was able to understand him pretty well.

He was from Newcastle, a Geordie, he called it, and he was new to London. Just moved into his new flat, and started at his first proper job. "Two years I spent on the dole in Newcastle, and then I'm not here in London two days before I've got a bang-on job and a top flat. Don't know why everyone says London's so hard." He flashed a winning smile. "Of course the people aren't so friendly here as they are up north."

He caught himself there, as if he'd just recalled that he was talking to a Londoner. He hadn't given me a chance to say more than a few words; once I did, he realized that I wasn't English at all, and was off on a

the best of it, I will. When I get back to Newcastle I'll have a pile of money, I reckon. In the meantime I'll have a pile of fun here."

Bright and cheery people normally get on my nerves; it's just not in my nature to look on the sunny side of life. Paul was different, though. Most of those cockeyed optimists, the whole time they're talking about how grand life is, you're getting the feeling that what they're really saying is "Isn't my life grand. Too bad about yours, old chap."

But when Paul enthused about his job or his flat or London, he made it seem like it was your good fortune too. It was easy to see why he'd been able to establish himself so quickly; he had a knack for making friends, and for making people care about him. Hell, by the time we'd been talking half an hour, I would have invited him to move into my flat if I thought he needed a place.

No, it's not what you're thinking; it wasn't about sex or love - though that stuff would come later; I just really liked the guy. But I still didn't have any idea that our relationship was meant to be anything more than a pleasant chat in a cafe, not until I told him that I really had to be getting home, and got up to leave.

"Which way are you going, then? I'm on my way home as well. Perhaps we can walk together for a while."

"Down Lancaster Road and then over to Blenheim Crescent," I told him, and his eyes lit up.

"Why, that's the very way I'm going. You don't mind the company, do you?"

And as we strolled along Blenheim Crescent and he showed no signs of turning off, I began to wonder if we might not be near

neighbors. How near didn't become obvious until we'd stopped right across the street from my building.

When I told him so, he looked so surprised that I very nearly thought he was faking it, that he was playing some sort of game, perhaps running some sort of hustle, but then I remembered that the flat on the top floor directly across from me had been vacant for ages. Sure enough, he was the one who'd taken it.

Not having any especially close friends in London - well, to be honest, having almost no friends at all - this came as exciting news to me. I wasn't that good at meeting people, and generally I waited for them to come to me. That sort of thing seems to work better in America, though, where people are more outgoing. If you want to be left alone, England's the place to be; at least that's how it had worked out for me so far.

From then on I saw Paul just about every day. He got in the practice of calling in on his way home from work each night to tell me the latest news and gossip, and we'd usually spend most of the evening together, either in his flat or mine. Sometimes we'd go out for dinner, but Paul soon let it be known that he liked to cook, something I in turn hated to do, so many a night would be spent hanging about in his kitchen, laughing and drinking beer while he prepared one of his elaborate meals that took hours to cook and about twenty minutes to devour.

What was odd was that for the longest time the thought of this being anything more than an excellent friendship never crossed my mind. Why I say that's odd is that I

I guess the feelings were there all along, so strong just under the surface that I didn't need to think about them consciously, because the night everything changed, the night we stayed up drinking and talking far later than usual, and the candles burned down to almost nothing, and streetlight stirred through windtossed branches filled the front room and we tumbled wordlessly into a chaotic tangle of bedsheets on the mattress in the middle of the floor, well, despite all that, it was as though nothing had really changed, that this was merely part of what was supposed to happen all along.

But I was fooling myself, Paul said, and perhaps he was right. Certainly this was the beginning of the time when we no longer spoke and thought and acted as one. He never showed the slightest reluctance to carry on as lovers, which, without either of us ever mentioning the word, was obviously what we'd become. At the same time, he never showed the slightest sign that his feelings toward me were anything more or different than they'd been all along, that of a brilliantly close friend.

You'd think anyone in his right mind would be satisfied with that, but then you probably wouldn't know me very well. I'm not the kind to be satisfied with anything, especially when it comes to leaving well enough alone. I started badgering him about how did he really feel, that sort of neurotic lover's nagging that's sure enough to drive anyone nuts, let alone an Englishman who's just not used to the American mania for

Paul, he got angry with me. Which meant, of course, that from then on, I'd refer to his "disco" friends as a way of getting at him when we were fighting, which seemed to be happening more and more often.

My objection to the dance scene, besides the fact that it was taking Paul away from me, was that it seemed so horribly superficial. Everything involved images and poses. I couldn't picture people huddled alongside the dance floor engaged in lingering conversations about medieval history or ancient Greek philosophy, the sorts of things Paul and I had spent many happy hours discussing; instead, I imagined them fussing over their hair and exchanging information about where to buy that fabulous new shirt so-and-so was wearing.

I don't know if it was merely a case of reality conforming to expectations, but on the one occasion I actually visited one of Paul's clubs, it was every bit as awful as I'd pictured it. That entire night was a fiasco, and I realized later that it had pretty much marked the end of our relationship.

It was a Friday night, I recall, and Paul and I had already argued earlier in the evening when he told me that he'd decided to go out to some new club with his friends instead of staying in with me as we'd planned. The usual push-and-pull ensued, with him saying, "You don't understand, this is the first night of this great new club, it's really quite a special occasion," and me going, "One more night of the same bloody disco music you can dance your brains out to any night of the week."



normally tend to have sex on the brain. At least most people who know me say that, and I tend to agree.

I don't know why it didn't occur to me to think of Paul in romantic terms. He was definitely good looking, if not in all the ways that tend to appeal to me, certainly in enough of them. And he was smart, no doubt of that, though his knowledge tended to be of a more earthy and common sense variety, as opposed to my rarefied and bookish ways.

sharing every last bit of our feelings with everyone we know well enough to say hello to.

What really drove a wedge between us, though, was when Paul started going to dance clubs. He'd acquired a whole circle of trendy friends at his work, people who seemed to spend most of their time, energy and money on clothes, hairstyles, and records, and whose social lives revolved around an endless round of late-night clubs with names like Rage, Trade, Lost, and Rude. To me they seemed like an updated 90s version of disco, but when I said that to

"It's not disco, how many times do I have to tell you? It's a whole new way of life, a new way of seeing, feeling, being. It's sort of like the peace, love and harmony of the 60s, only updated for the modern world, to a more realistic urban setting. It's about living life with your whole mind and body, not as some crabby, choked-off intellectual who only knows how to analyze and criticize."

"It's mindless disco music for a bunch of drugged up zombies!" I nearly shouted back.

"Oh Christ, you sound nearly like my father," he said, wearily, as he left.

I sat brooding for a while; what Paul had said was getting to me. How dare he act as though I were some - what did he say? - crabby old intellectual? Reminded him of his father? I was barely three years older than he was. Just because I wasn't a disco airhead...

I decided I'd show him. I dressed up as flashily as I was capable of - normally I'm the sort of person who wears the same trousers and shirt until they're dirty and then switches to another pair of trousers and shirt while I wash out the first - and set out in the direction of the club I'd heard Paul mention.

It didn't take long for disaster to set in. I had to change trains at Baker Street, and there I ran smack into Paul and his friends. My paranoid imagination probably made it worse than it really was, but I could see that Paul was seriously rattled. Even more clearly, I could see that his friends were wondering why Paul was even talking to this *déclassé* person who looked as though he actually *belonged* on the London Underground.

He stood in front of me, making great sweeping motions with his arms that attempted to explain without words why it was out of the question for me to tag along with him and his friends. They had already made plans, couldn't I see?

While Paul spoke with mute eloquence of this world of plans that so thoroughly excluded me, I was momentarily amused to see a poorly nourished rat scurrying behind him to retrieve a soggy chip dropped by an even soggier drunk, then make a hasty exit through the legs of Paul's far too well dressed friends. They tittered, half nervously, half gaily. Paul took it as his cue to whisper a meaningless goodbye.

I rode the same train, but two cars removed. I stood in the same queue for the club, but while Paul and his friends gained instant admittance, I spent half an hour in the chilly night waiting my turn. Inside, the monotonous, thudding disco beat gave way to an even more monotonous, thudding funk beat. Luckily the club was huge, three sto-

ries, each with its own bar, and two separate dance floors. I barely saw Paul in there, and when I did, he quickly moved in the opposite direction.

His friends, though, weren't so easily put off; a couple times I caught them staring at me from across the room and, at least in my imagination, smirking condescendingly in my direction. Determined to show that I was able as the next man to find my way in this brave new scene, I danced feverishly to music I mostly hated, but by midnight I couldn't stick it out any longer. I knew that at midnight clubs like this were barely beginning to heat up, but suddenly I felt like an old man, and I didn't even bother looking for Paul to say goodbye.

It was a week and a day before I was to see him again. To be precise, it was about 10 o'clock on a Sunday morning, which is at least a couple hours earlier than I usually get up. London had been having one of its rare hot spells, and I found it very hard to sleep. I wandered down to the street, propelled by some ragged notion of heading for the shade of the park, when I saw Paul turn the corner.

To be honest, the look that crossed his face was one of "What's the quickest way out of here?" but it lasted only a second; he realized he couldn't very well turn and bolt from me in the blinding sunlight of a mid-summer morning. The panicked expression was immediately replaced by a sheepish one, and it was only then that I realized he was just now coming home from his night at the clubs.

My first instinct was to assume that he had spent the night with someone else, and my face burned with jealousy, just as my heart threatened to smash its way out of my rib cage and splatter itself all over the warm asphalt. But as quickly as that emotion came, it vanished; I knew, somehow, or at least convinced myself, that nothing sexual or romantic had been involved, that he'd merely been dancing the night away in a mindless, frenetic haze. For some reason that bothered me nearly as much, though in a completely different way.

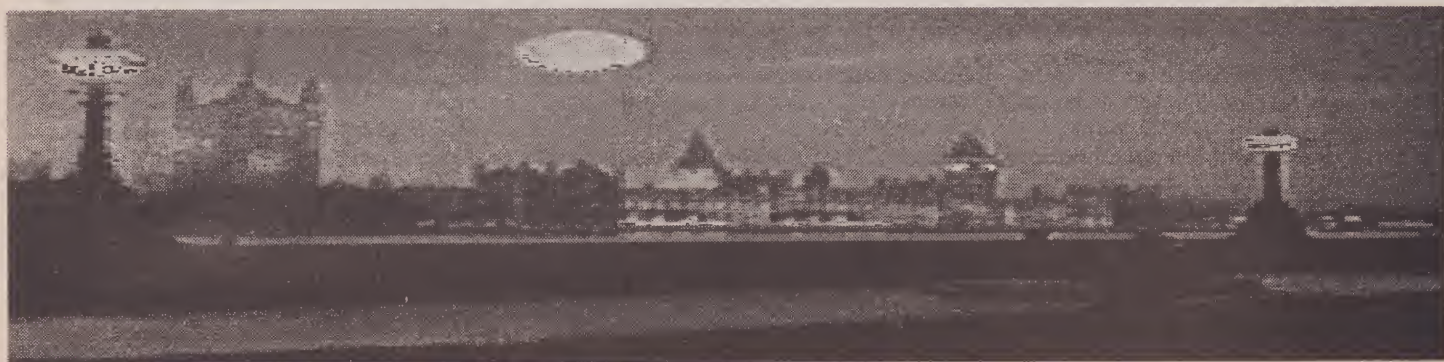
It was a painful conversation that we held there on the pavement, one that couldn't have lasted more than a minute, yet pretty well encompassed my entire year in London. Stranger still, I don't remember a single word we said, but I'll never forget what we talked about.

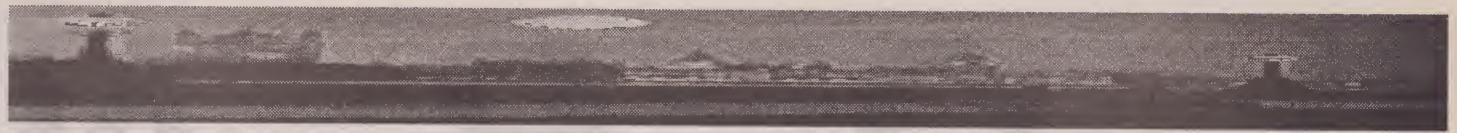
In essence, it was that he had no further interest in me as either a friend or a lover, that in fact he found my company boring and tedious, and that I was genuinely confused and misled if I thought the days and nights we had spent together amounted to anything more than the most casual of acquaintanceships.

For some reason the heat didn't bother me anymore. I staggered back to my flat, and didn't come out again for three days. Most of the time I just lay there on the floor, occasionally wandering to the window on the chance that I might see Paul strolling by. I never did, except once on Tuesday night. It was after 10 o'clock, but because it was June, it was still light enough to make out the faces of his companions as they headed off toward what was doubtless another night of dancing and fun. They looked so care-free and young, and I, at 26, could feel my skin shriveling and desiccating with the onset of old age. It was going to last a long, long time, I could tell.

The next day I packed a few things and went away. First I went to Brighton, but quickly realized that I'd come the wrong direction, being able to put only 75 miles between myself and London before running smack up against the sea. I turned around and headed north, all the way to Scotland. The farther north I got, the more my pace slowed, and by the time I got to the Outer Hebrides, I was moving with the speed and sense of purpose of the sheep who were the main inhabitants of that land.

I didn't come back to London until September brought the first blast of truly cold weather down from Iceland, but if I had hoped anything would change in my absence, I was sadly mistaken. Summer still lingered here; the leaves hung thick in





the yellow haze of early evenings, and the streets were alive with a restless energy that made me think incessantly of Paul.

I knew not to knock at his door, so I watched the street. Finally, one morning, I saw him bringing milk and bread back from the corner shop. Fixing a late breakfast for a new friend, I wondered, or still on his own? I came close to injuring myself as I raced down the stairs to catch him, and managed to intercept him before he got to his door. Almost three months had passed, but the only thing that showed in his expression was some minor annoyance, as though I were a salesman who wouldn't take no for an answer.

He wasn't rude, at least not overtly; Paul would never do that. In fact he was downright charming, laying his old Geordie accent on thicker than seemed plausible after this much time in London, and with both firmness and the hint of a faint smile refused any and all invitations. It was clear that if it were up to him, we would probably never see each other again.

I was very nearly broke, so leaving London again wasn't an option. I drew the shades, listened to Joy Division and similarly dark stuff for days at a time, and waited for these feelings to pass. When they didn't, I considered suicide, murder, a life of degeneracy, becoming a Zen monk. None of it seemed worth the bother.

Somewhere in there my telephone got cut off, I guess because I hadn't paid the bill all summer. It was so rare that I called anyone or anyone called me that it might have been weeks before I noticed. When I finally got around to sorting it out, the telephone company told me that I'd have to have a new number, that they'd already given my old number to someone else.

Whatever, I said. Nobody knew the old number either. Except Paul, that is. All right, I knew perfectly well that the reason he wasn't calling me now wasn't that he didn't know the new number, but it still did me a bit of good to imagine that it *could* be the reason. I decided to send him a letter and tell him, and just for good measure, I threw in a little poem that I wrote myself.

Call me a sap; everyone else does. I know anybody, especially if they're male, who writes poetry much past the age of 20 is a sad case, and if he's doing it to impress

some potential girl or boy friend, it's just plain hopeless. Might as well hang yourself on their doorstep with a note pinned to your chest that reads "I loved you but you didn't understand."

So what. So I wrote him a poem. So it was stupid. At least I'm not embarrassed to have feelings, the way most people are. So here's what I wrote:

*The summer holds its breath then wearily
e x h a l e s ,
Winter sneaks around the corner wearing an
audacious smirk,
I stare into the lengthening shadows with
eyes older than the dawn
And cry like an orphaned child for that hope-
less sprinkling of moments
when we were young.*

Yeah, I know it's not that great. I figured Paul would laugh when he read it, at least for a few seconds before he crumpled it up and threw it away. But you never know. Paul didn't seem like the kind of guy who usually had poems written to him. Maybe he'd be impressed, or at least slightly touched.

But I mailed it, and never heard anything back from him. Like I told the police, I saw him in the street. As far as I had been concerned, he was gone out of my life, and now I guessed there wasn't any longer any doubt about it.

For the first time in about half an hour I realized that I hadn't just been thinking to myself, but had been telling this story aloud to what now looked like about 20 cops. They stood and sat all around me, all staring at me, with looks on their faces that varied from genuine sympathy to genuine disgust. I swear I'm not making this up, either; one of the cops even looked a little teary-eyed.

Somehow I sensed, though I wasn't sure why, that I was no longer suspected of murder. The main cop, the one who'd been doing most of the talking, said quietly, "You're free to go now. On behalf of myself and the department, I'd like to offer condolences on the death of your friend."

"But I don't think he really was my friend anymore," I started to say, before being brought up short by the awkward realization that the Metropolitan Police had no further interest in what had gone on between me and Paul. As if reading my mind, the cop then said, "You're probably wonder-

ing why we came to you to identify Mr. Stead." I admitted I was; for that matter, how had they even known I'd had any connection with him?

"When we found him, he had nothing at all in his pockets. Possibly he was the victim of a robbery, though we're more inclined to attribute it to a gang of hooligans that's been preying upon the homosexual boys who like to use the walkway through Holland Park. Unfortunately, that sort of thing's been happening quite often around here.

"We were at a loss for how we might identify him, until we found this bit of a letter in his inside jacket pocket." He handed me the note I'd sent Paul, still in its envelope. Even though I knew what it was, I found myself absent-mindedly unfolding the piece of paper to read it again. It looked as though had been read a lot of times.

I startled myself with what came next. For a moment, I was Paul, or Paul as I'd imagined him. I looked at the poem, and it sounded just as ridiculous as I'd thought it would. I laughed out loud, crumpled the piece of paper into a ball, and tossed it on the floor. It must have bothered the police, because I imagine they were planning on using it for evidence or something, but none of them said anything. The cop picked it up and started smoothing it back out.

"It's funny that he'd keep carrying that note around with him, isn't it?" he said. He sounded like a person, not a cop.

"Yeah, real funny," I answered absently. "He's probably getting a good laugh out of it right now, the bastard." I walked out of the police station into the sullen light of a late winter morning, came home and started packing. Forty-eight hours later I was staring out this window in the mountains of Northern California, watching the snow relentlessly walling me away from a world that I'd just as soon not face for a while. The CD player is still set on repeat, and once again the quiet is gently stirred by the stark tinkling notes of "The Eternal."



PORN

BY LEAH RYAN

I had a big room with shiny hardwood floors. It was nice. Great big closets. It stayed clean. I shared it with this girl Melanie. We were freshmen, so we had to share. Or, should I say, we were freshwomen. Melanie was from Illinois, a suburb outside of Chicago. She was quiet. She was considering a government major. I think she might have been a virgin. Of course, I don't know that for sure. It's just a guess.

A week before the Porn thing happened, I was on the phone with Jim in that room, at two in the morning. Meanwhile, Melanie slept. The sleep of the just, I suppose. She might have been faking, but I doubt if she could be that good at it.

Jim was kind of my boyfriend at the time, except that he was screwing another woman. In fact, I think he was screwing another woman right then, while he was talking to me. I don't mean that he was literally screwing her at that precise moment. You know what I mean. I could tell somebody was there. Our conversation was full of weird pauses. A few times I heard a muffled, crackly sound - his hand covering the mouthpiece. His hand, which only moments before had been god knows where. For some reason, I chose not to address any of that right away.

"I hate it here," I told him, sniveling and choking.

"Right," he said. "You've been there a whole month, and you hate it already."

"Yeah. It's a nice place to visit. But living here sucks." I blew my nose on a flimsy square of toilet paper.

"Look, what do you want me to do? You want me to drive out there and get you? Is that what you want? Huh?"

"I guess that's a rhetorical question," I mumbled stuffily.

"Look," said Jim. He didn't know what I meant by rhetorical. I didn't know whether to laugh at him or kick myself for saying it in the first place.

"This was your idea," he went on. "You wanted to go to this hoity-toity school. Nobody forced you. You could have stayed here and gone to Elmira State or something. You didn't want to. Now you've got all your goddamn scholarships and everything you've been bending my ear about for the past year and a half. And you hate it."

"Oh, fuck you," I said.

"I don't know what you want me to do," he said, for what seemed like the millionth time.

"You could start by telling me who's in bed with you," I suggested.

"What?" He didn't say it like he was shocked. He said it like he hadn't heard me right.

"It's that Karen Lambert, isn't it...."

"No...."

"She's boffed every guy in Chemung County, you asshole. She's had her very first orgasm with every...." Melanie stirred.

"I'm not sleeping with Karen," he told me. There was an awkward pause. He didn't deny that he was sleeping with somebody, which, by some people's standards, is as good as a confession.

"You slime," I said.

"You hate my guts now I guess."

"That's a rhetorical question."

"What?"

"Never mind," I sighed, as condescendingly as I could. "Goodbye." I hung up the phone. I wasn't crying anymore. I was mad. People didn't do this kind of thing to me. At least, they never had before. I sat there for a while, fuming, with my hand glued to the receiver.

No way I was going to sleep, so I went out walking. The campus was quiet as a morgue. Light blue security cars passed me, slowed, and rolled their windows down.

"Everything alright?" They asked over and over.

"Fine," I replied every time, smiling hard. What if everything wasn't okay, I wondered. What services might they provide? I stared getting sleepy when it started getting light. The kitchen help began to show up, sleepily entering the back doors of residence halls, carrying plastic travel coffee cups. I heard tires grinding and car doors slamming. I heard radios turning on in the lit-up kitchens, news and rock'and'roll. I wanted to tap on one of those bright windows, to creep in one of those kitchen doors. But I didn't know anyone here. I was a student. They worked for me.

Back in my room, I slept for two hours, which may have been worse than no sleep at all. Dutifully, I dragged myself to Econ 110, needing a shower, not giving a damn, falling asleep, spelling even the simplest words wrong. Everything was dull. I slept through lunch, skipped my English class, woke up starving at three. It went on like that for several days. I was just starting to get back on schedule when the porn thing happened.

It started with a headline on the front page of the school newspaper. It said: **PLAYMATE MAGAZINE RECRUITS MODELS FROM WOMEN'S COLLEGES: Outrages Students Stage Protest**

Strangely panicked, I skimmed the corresponding article. I caught a line about how badly the college's reputation would be if a student from our school were to pose for *Playmate*. "A woman with playmate in her house," one student activist declared, "...is like an African-American with KKK literature on their coffee table". That was enough for me. The article said other things too, but I have no idea what.

When I got back to my room, Melanie was there, chattering away with one of her friends; a tiny, squeaky thing whose name always escaped me. I always wanted to call her "Squeaky" and had to stop myself. It was Friday, and the debate society was preparing a big weekend. We were expecting a busload of boys from Haavad or Daatmath or some such place.

"Melanie," I began slowly, "I'm going away for a few days. If I have any calls, I'll be back Sunday. Monday morning at the latest." I was throwing clothes into a plastic shopping bag. I was out of my mind.

"Where are you going," Melanie asked innocently.

"New York," I said.

"Oh, for the protest?" Melanie's eyes brightened.

"No," I said. "For an interview."

You'd have to have been there to know what an impact this had. First, there was the statement, which speaks for itself. Then, there is the source. While I am not bad looking, I am not centerfold material. In order to take my application seriously, the *Playmate* execs would have to squint and use their imaginations. It would be my guess that they would not choose to do so.

Melanie and Squeaky stared at me in disbelief while I threw a few final items into my bag; hairbrush, checkbook, paperback novel. I took a deep breath, said goodbye cheerily and walked out of the room. I'm sure they wanted to say something, but undoubtedly, they were at a loss. All the better for me, because I was in too much of a hurry to stop and talk.

The bus station was only a few blocks from campus. I walked with fierce determination, my ridiculous bag swinging at my side. When I arrived, I found that the next bus to New York would leave in an hour.

The wait didn't bother me. Especially since I had no real intention of going to a *Playmate* interview. I examined all the schedules which hung above the ticket counter. The bus to Elmira went a round-about way. Not enough people wanted to go straight to Elmira. I couldn't really blame them, but it made me feel small all the same.

I didn't buy a ticket. I bought a Pepsi and a bag of Fritos. I sat in a chair with a TV attached to it. I saw an ad for a cop show. I was instructed to tune in Wednesday if I wanted to see what would happen when the lovely daughter of a powerful (yet charitable) oil baron and art collector was abducted by underworld thugs. They showed her for a minute: tied up, black eye. Would the swarthy, streetwise undercover agent arrive in time to save her from being raped repeatedly and beaten to death with blunt instruments? Would she sob wildly in his arms after the whole horrible ordeal was over? After the commercial, after she had presumably had a good night's sleep and been to the hairdresser, would he ask her for a date?

I walked away with the television still going.

When I was little, we lived in Phoenix. We had an apartment right near the university. My dad was a teacher. He fell in love with one of his students and took off. Typical story, right? He got a job offer in Santa Cruz. For a while I thought this meant we were moving to California. I was about seven.

Anyway, with him all the way out in California and none too cooperative (he drank) it was a while before my mom could get things like child support straightened out. In that first year or so, we didn't see a penny of his money. We were on Welfare for a while, but my mother didn't like having to choose between clothes for me and heat. So she got a job.

It was a night job. I slept half the night at my Aunt Barbara's. She was my father's sister. My mother would come home at two or three in the morning and take me home. I always woke up when I heard her car in the parking lot, but I pretended to be asleep until she came and shook me. Who knows why.

Barbara and her husband Fred lived in one of those townhouse complexes. He worked second shift (three to eleven at

night) so I rarely saw him. I slept on the living room couch. I don't know why we didn't just move in with them; the arrangement seemed kind of weird. But the way we did it, Mom and I had mornings, afternoon, and evenings together at our place. Not bad for a single working mother, really. I saw her a lot. She went to bed in the mornings after I went to school.

I heard the door open one night, around the time that my mom usually came in. As usual, I pretended to be sleeping. Then I heard time strange noise; breathing and mumbling and things. I opened one eye. It was Fred. He was drunk, swaying in front of the coffee table. I just closed my eye again and didn't move. Why knows why. He picked up the edge of my blanket and tore the whole thing off me. That was when my mother came in. He was standing there with the blanket in his hand.

What the hell do you think you're doing, I heard her say. Then Fred started to sing.

He still couldn't stand up very well. He had to steady himself on the arm of the couch. But he danced and sang and threw the blanket over his shoulder. He kicked off his shoe; it landed near my mother's feet. He started laughing, unbuttoning his shirt, stumbling all over himself. My mother came toward me. Fred was swinging his shirt around over his head. Mom grabbed me and I held her tight around the neck. On our way out, we left the front door wide open. From the parking lot, I heard Aunt Barbara yelling and I heard something crash against the floor; a lamp, maybe.

Within ten days we had packed up the car and moved to Elmira, where my mother's folks live. She'd saved enough money that she could rent us an apartment. She got a clerical job at an insurance company. It barely supported us. My grandparents watched me in the afternoons until I was old enough to stay home alone.

I don't know how long it took me to put all the pieces together and make sense of it all. My mother was a dancer; a stripper. Fred had brought all his buddies from the factory over to see the show.

One time I almost killed a boyfriend of mine when I found out he'd been to a strip club. I was drunk. I broke a bottle over his head. I would have ground the broken end into his face if the bartender hadn't stopped me. That's kind of how it is. I go along not thinking about it. And then something sets me off.

I paced the bus station. They were announcing busses to all kinds of places. I took my shopping bag into the ladies' room and locked myself into a stall.

All she wanted to do was take care of us. She wanted to be able to move us back home. She wanted to be able to take me to the doctor if I was sick. She wanted to be with me as much as possible.

So how come I told those girls I was going to a *Playmate* interview? I don't know. maybe I wanted to make it real to them. Porn isn't a faraway thing that

happens to other people. Don't they know that their boys from Haavad and Daatmath go to strip bars? What's worse, buying or selling? I would like to ask them that. I would like to see what they would say. I'll bet a lot of their dads have money tied up in porn, too. It pays their tuition. It buys their party dresses.

Sitting in the stall, I realized that I didn't know how I was going to go back to school. Those squeaky girls, the girls I made fun of, honestly they scared me to death.

I thought about calling my mother and telling her I was coming home for the weekend. Or for good. I didn't know which it would be. How could I explain?

I thought about getting a shotgun and going home to the bar where Jim liked to go after work. I thought about pointing it at his head and telling him to dance. Take it all off baby. I thought about stuffing money in his underwear and blowing his head off. I thought about how no matter what I did, he would never be as humiliated as my mother was that night in Phoenix, with Fred and all his buddies watching her tassels spin, tossing nickels and dimes at her navel.

I thought about picking up some guy in the bus station and taking him somewhere. Making him beg. They get so weak and desperate, just like little boys. They get tears in their eyes, sometimes.

I heard the bathroom door swing open. A couple of girls came in. They were from the college. I watched their feet and listened to them. They were going to Princeton for the weekend, one of them had a car but it was in the shop. One peed in the stall next to mine, while the other talked to her through the door.

"So do you think you want to pose for *Playmate*?" the outside girl asked. I heard the girl in the stall next to me giggle, over the sound of the flushing toilet.

"Yeah, right," she said.

"Would you do it for a million bucks?" asked the first girl. The second girl got herself together and emerged from the stall. The door slammed back.

"Right," she said. "What do you think?"

No, I thought. You'll do it for some guy in a nice Italian suit. You'll do it on your honeymoon in Switzerland or wherever. You'll take off your traveling suit and dance around in your silk lingerie. Think of all the shopping you'll do with all those credit cards, your new name embossed in gold. Or maybe you'll be kidnapped by thugs and rescued by some lusty hero from TV.

Me, I'd do it for money and glamour, too. But mostly I do it for power. I like to watch them crawl. It only lasts a minute, but it's power all the same.

"Never," said one of them, while they scrubbed their hands in the sink. I blacked out my eyes with the heels of my hands. I pretended to be asleep.

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The authors of the Constitution, in an idealistic moment, spelt out the basic freedoms of the American people in the Bill of Rights. The problem was that it wasn't actually a list granted to the American people; if you were poor, a woman, or a member of a racial or religious minority, the Bill of Rights was basically interpreted to ignore you. The same standard applied to children for the vast majority of America's history. Well, it's no longer true. In theory, if not in practice, the Bill of Rights now holds for everyone. Constitutional rights no longer end at the schoolhouse door. Education is power; knowing these rights could make school a lot more fun.

First off, a few words of warning: this is not intended to be a definitive guide to what you can get away with at school. The basis for the majority of this article was a 1988 American Civil Liberties Union book called The Rights of Students, by Janet R. Price, Alan H. Levine, and Eve Cary. The information briefly summarized here is six years old, laws always differ from state to state, and the possibility always exists that I made an error in interpreting what the book had to say. If you think you have a decent case to argue, pick up your own copy of the book or call your local ACLU office. The ACLU is devoted to fighting cases like this, and they'll let you know what's going on.

And now, the good stuff...

FREE SPEECH

The First Amendment applies to teenagers in school. Your teachers may do or say things to the contrary, but it's a fact. In *Tinker v. Des Moines*, the Supreme Court ruled that students have the right to express opinions on any subject unless their action "materially and substantially disrupts work and discipline." This applies even if the action is likely to cause others to be disruptive. Touching off a riot would probably be construed as a material disruption; making the football team mad would probably not. Obscenity or nudity would probably fall within the principal's jurisdiction, so odds are that your "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" shirt isn't a go.

Your principal cannot tell you to take off your

The Punk Planet guide to Student's Rights

by
Steve
Cook

abortion rights button or whatever without violating your Constitutional rights. Period. If you are wearing, doing, or saying something that contains a message of some sort and isn't breaking the rules or causing people to run screaming from the room or such things, the school officials can't legally do anything about it.

THEY WHO ARE NOT AS OTHERS

Personal appearance is a separate issue; the First Amendment may or may not apply to liberty spikes.

If you've been barred from Anytown High until the green washes out of your hair, your rights are slightly more enigmatic and the rules vary from state to state. There were several long lists of states with specific regulations in the book, but they're probably outdated. If you're serious about it, give the closest ACLU office a call. If you can make it into a free speech issue, like your teacher taking away your nifty "Dead Men Don't Rape" jacket, you'll be on firmer ground.

BUY MY ZINE

Again, barring material disruption of school activities, publication and distribution of your zine (the ACLU persists in using the phrase "underground newspaper") is a protected First Amendment activity. If the Anytown High school newspaper or literary magazine sells copies, you are allowed to sell your zine, too. (The right to actually sell your zine instead of just giving it away, regardless of school-sponsored publications being sold, was upheld in *Scoville v. Board of Education of Joliet Township*, but I don't want to mislead anyone. If you get hassled, call the

ACLU.)

Unfortunately, your principal does have the right to see your zine before you sell it. However, there must be specific rules in place regarding how to get it approved. Indecencies or vulgar language are sufficient reason for a ban. Who knows? Your zine might not have any profanity.

Finally, The Rights of Students urges you to avoid libel. This is probably a good idea. If you call members of the Anytown High faculty a bunch of white supremacists who get off on sexually harassing members of the student body, you don't have any proof, and someone shows it to the principal, you're probably reached the point where the ACLU can't help you anymore. Lawsuits are not fun.

**DOWN
ON
YOUR
PERMANENT
RECORD**

Guess what? If you're over 18 and go to a public school, you have the right to look at the mythical permanent record. If you're not over 18, your parents do. It's called the Buckley amendment, and it's probably your best chance to find out what kind of lies and innuendo get recorded there. Ask someone important at your school about it. You may have to file a request in writing.

**THE ANYTOWN
ANARCHIST FRONT**

Student groups may be formed "absent a threat to the orderly operation of the school." Go wild with this one. The best bit is that any privileges granted to one group must legally be granted to any group (under the same conditions; you don't get to skip the paperwork). If the French Club gets to use the loudspeaker, the Nihilism League can get to use the loudspeaker. If the environmental group gets to bring in speakers, you can bring in your own speakers. The possibilities are well-nigh endless.

**IT'S
JUST
OREGANO**

The ACLU book offers the handy suggestion that if you don't want the school to get their hands on something, you shouldn't put it in your desk or locker. That's wise advice; lockers and desks are probably considered school property, and as such the school can search it for no good reason whatsoever. Leaving something incriminating in your locker is a really dumb way to tempt fate.

As far as personal searches go, at a minimum, school officials "must have good reason to think evidence of wrongdoing will be found...[and] the search must not be more intrusive than necessary to find the specific thing the school official expects to find." That's pretty clear.

If the police get involved, they'll be operating under the same Fourth Amendment restrictions on you as on anyone else: probable cause, search warrants, etc. Giving the police permission to search you removes these restrictions, and therefore may not be a good idea depending on the situation. You make the call.

In *Goss v. Lopez*, the Supreme Court held that serious disciplinary action required a minimum amount

BUSTED

of due process. If you're getting your bus transportation cut off, suspended, expelled, or something equally serious, you have the right to an adequate notice of charges and a hearing in front of an impartial figure. "Impartial figure" probably means school board, unless someone on the board was directly involved. You should probably contact a lawyer if you want to fight; she or he can tell you what other rules apply and whether or not you'll be permitted to have a lawyer representing you at the hearing.

Odds are that you won't be told these things by your friendly faculty. A fully informed student body probably would strike terror into the hearts of administrators everywhere. Don't expect to make a lot of friends in administration by utilizing the First Amendment. These are, however, your rights. Rights are not privileges; they cannot be taken away as punishment and doled out as favors. Using these rights is as American as apple pie. Make sure you tell your teachers that as you hand them your plans for the Nihilism League field trip.



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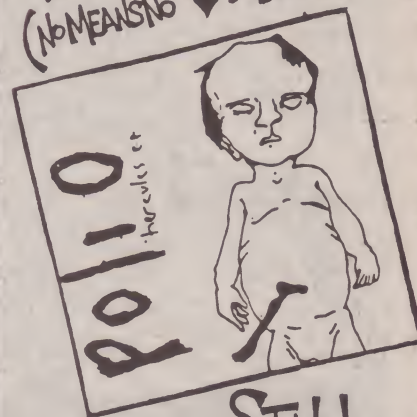
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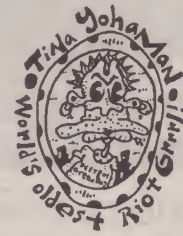
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The D.I.Y. Files ^S

How To Screen Print

So you don't want to spend thirty of your hard earned dollars on NOFX skater shorts. Your band just paid someone else three bucks to screen each shirt (Ouch). Well, I think it is time to learn to silk screen. There aren't that many supplies involved and any punk with half a brain can do it. First thing is first and you need an environment to work in. This doesn't mean the corner of your room between stacks of records. You have to have somewhere dark to prepare the screen. This means you need an empty closet or a bathroom that you can block the window or something to that affect. You also need a big sink or bathtub and a good powerful spray of water to match. I find the best is one of those sinks with the spray things built in. Lastly, you need to have a big table or something equivalent to screen on. If you don't have any of these resources available find someone who does and maybe everyone can screen at one place.

Alright you have the space and next you need supplies. It definitely isn't a bad thing to pick up a kit. Speedball makes one and contains a little of everything: screen, frame, emulsion, sensitizer, drawing fluid, screen filler, ink and a squeegee. This may sound like a lot of stuff but it really isn't. Some other useful items to have in the area are towels, masking tape, bleach, some black cardboard, a big piece of glass, 150W light bulb, gooseneck lamp and an iron. Since I can't go over every detail involving screening I will add to what the instructions of any kit have to say.

There are a few different ways to prepare your screen and by far the photo emulsion method is the best. First off get a photo transparency of your artwork. This can involve going to the copy shop or just draw right on some transparency sheets. After cleaning the screen with some household detergent you have to let it dry top up (recessed side). The best way to do this is use a milk crate and tape some pennies in each corner that way only the wood frame touches the crate, not the screen. Alright the screen is dry and you want to coat it. Mix the photo emulsion to the sensitizer in a cup or something in a 4:1 ratio. I found that about two spoons of emulsion to one half spoon of sensitizer is enough for one 10"X14" screen. You can mix the two in dim light but you only have a couple minutes so work fast. Use your squeegee and apply the mixture and one side of the screen. Keep flipping the screen over and over till you cover the whole thing with a thin coat (the thinner the better). One important thing is to make sure you squeegee the top side last. Now put the thing in your dark area for around an hour or so to dry. A fan can help a lot but make sure it isn't too dusty.

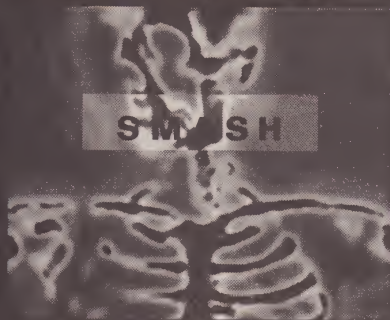
After the screen has dried you are ready to burn the screen. This part is a little tricky to explain but here goes. Look at the frame to make sure you know what top (recessed side) and bottom (flat side) are. Cover the top side (recessed side) with black cardboard. Now flip it over and put your transparency backwards on bottom side (which is now face up) and place the glass on top of the whole thing. I use a 150 Watt bulb, because it is cheaper than a floodlight, so these burning times are for that. You may have to try a few times depending on how thin you coat your screen. With your light about a foot above the screen let the screen burn for about 35-45 minutes for a 10"X14" screen. After the time allotted it is time to wash out the screen.

Use luke warm water, not hot and soak each side of the screen. Then use your strong stream of water to wash out the areas where your design are. This may take some time so don't be too worried if your image isn't coming out right away. If after continual washing you are only getting half an image then you let your screen burn too long. If you get a lot of spots washing out you need to increase your time. If there are some small spots which didn't wash out try using a cotton swab and under water rub the screen. If you have spots that washed out which you don't want then use the screen filler and paint over them with a brush. Now just let your screen dry bottom down on your milkcrate.

Now the screen is dry and you can do some tests prints on newspaper. Pour a bead of textile ink across one end of the top of your screen. I once again use my milk crate for a stand when I am doing this, you may want to buy some of the hinges they sell to make a station but it isn't necessary. Using your squeegee pull the ink from one end to the other while on the milk crate. This loads your screen with ink. Now you can put the screen on the paper and draw the squeegee back the other way. Lift up the screen carefully and hopefully you will have a nice print. This takes some practice so don't try shirts until you have the hang of it. Make sure you don't wait more than a minute or two between prints because the whole thing will dry up. After you are down make sure that you clean all of your utensils well with luke warm water and return unused ink to its container.

Hopefully you now have the confidence to screen and a few helpful hints along the way. If you want to buy the stuff separate or don't have a detailed booklet on each step write me and send a buck and some stamps and I will send you out a copied version of mine. It also includes how you do multi colored screening. Good Luck! screen printing can be a lot of fun.
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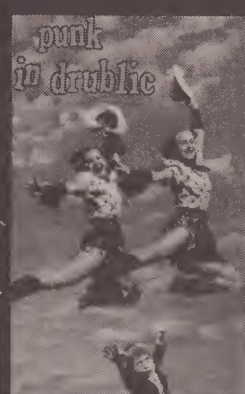


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This month's record reviews will begin the end of the "BANNED" remarks due to the negative response it recieved and the fact that we couldn't really tell what had and hadn't been "banned" in the first place. Also: three records seem to have gotten lost in the mail between my house and the reviewers. I am very sorry and deeply apologize to what ever band sent them, sorry! Anyways, on with the growing list of reviewers who are: Eric Action (EA), Matt Berland (MB), Darren Cahr (DC), Steve Cook (SC), Will Dandy (WD), Jon Entropy (JE), Karen Fisher (KF2), Kristen Francis (KF), Dave Larson (DL), David Selevan (DS2), Dan Sinker (DS), Bret Van Horn (BVH), and Sean Wipfli (SW)

Action Patrol-Up and Running, 7"

Okay, so let's talk about all the rad things about this 7". The packaging is outrageous, with the hand-screened manilla envelope covers and the die-cut lyric sheet (which matches the cover art, too). And the music inside...? Fucking cool melodic punk/hardcore. The opener, "Tube," starts out sounding like it's gonna be a J-Church/Cringer rip-off, only to explode into a punk rock scorcher sounding kinda like Portland's Punky Rockit. The last song out of four, "Clock," has a cool syncopation and vocals kinda like the Crucifucks at times. Sound cool? These are just two examples... you have to buy it to hear the rest. Man, this guy can scream... (BVH)
(Buddy System Records: P.O. Box 49514 Austin, TX 78765)

Amebix-The Power Remains, LP

Well, all the punx down at Profane Existence are in love with this band and I can see why. This is like death on vinyl, and it's pretty damn scary. It has that deathy-dark-slow hardcore sound to it, reminding me of slow Venom in many aspects but with less metal influencing. The live side sounds similar but a little faster(probably due to it being recorded 2 years after the studio side). It is that classic stop/start hardcore like Prophets of Rage mixed with the darker more deathy venom-ish stuff. It also comes with a fukin great poster to scare yer friends into thinking you worship satan. (JE)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Anarcrust-Coalescence, LP

Ho boy! More German grindcore..the German punk bands are definately some of the heaviest i've ever heard, and this just helps prove that point. Fast and heavy grindcore the way it was meant to be by crusty punx on ultra-delicious flourescent orange vinyl. I'd definately pick this up if you can handle a full LP of grindcore without going on a killing rampage. Another winner for Skuld. This is mostly pretty damn fast with barking type vocals a la Luzifers Mob. (JE)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Aus-Rotten/Naked Aggression-split 7"

Aus Rotten continues to amaze me with thier ultra-simple, ultra-cool hardcore. The dual vocals are probably the best part of their sound. Naked Aggression has always kinda annoyed me, but no longer they have two nice fairly poppy songs, but they seem to have lost a lot of their political edge. Is that what being in an earthquake does to you? Oh well, both bands do two awesome songs, and I still can't find the "R" in Aus Rotten's logo. (WD)
(Aus-Rotten PO BOX 71287; Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Naked Aggression; Po Box 8044; Northridge, CA 91327)

Bell Jar -s/t, 7"

Bell Jar is the find of the month for me! This record is absolutly fantastic. Slow, melodic, haunting melodies. This sounds somewhat like what would happen if SLANT 6 and TEAM DRESCH joined forces, only with more reverb. This is a really good record. I only wish there was a lyric sheet. (DS)
(eMpTy records PO Box 12034 Seattle, WA 98102)

Big Sniff-We're Only in It for the \$, 7"

A loud clangy musical intro leads into the first song, "Devil on My Shoulder," which is a very fast tempo song about partying too hard. Three more songs with more of the same. The lyrics are pretty simple-minded (they say "fuck" a lot) and the songs a little formulaic. I want to say "in your face" and I really don't think they would take it as an insult. I can see Beavis & Butthead liking it. The artwork consists of cartoon space aliens, drunk and passed-out in an alley surrounded by empty malt liquor cans. This sort of says it all, I think. (KF2)
(Mint Tone, 84-29 153d St., Apt. LCD, Howard Beach, CA 11414)

Blindfold - "Restrain The Thought" CD

13 songs here, all in that post-hardcore/emo vein. Some of this reminds me a bit of the last Turning Point stuff, at other times it makes me think of Lifetime. Blindfold are from Belgium, but this CD is far better than most European hardcore. The singer has a pretty good grasp of English and doesn't sound out of place. Maybe this European stuff is just in general getting better because it seems like most of the recent stuff I've heard has been quite good. This one is no exception, and you can get it at U.S. prices too. (DL)
(Conquer The World P.O. BOX 40282 Redford, MI 48240)

Bollweevils-Stick Your Neck Out!, LP

These guys are great. Real fun sounding pop-punk in the vein of Screeching Weasel. They're from Chicago too so maybe it's something in the air or water there, but they rule. Fast, snotty, poppy and cool! (WD)
(Dr. Strange Records; Po Box 7000-177; Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Bored to Death-s/t, 7"

Real sloppy mid-tempo punk with a female singer. Sorta like F.Y.P. with a female singer. No matter how you describe it it's really cool and goofy. (WD)
(\$3, Recess Records; Po Box 1112; Torrance, CA 90505)

Boris the Sprinkler-Grilled Cheese b/w Bad Guy Reaction
"Grilled Cheese" is a perfect tune done in the grand BTS fashion-

catchy, fun, melodic, and instantly memorable... And they manage to stick to the punk side of pop-punk, unlike a lot of lesser bands out there. B-side is a good Rezillos cover, and though another original would have been better, this is still one of my favorite new 7"s! (SW) (\$3; Bulge Rec's; PO Box 1173; Green Bay, WI 54305)

Bracket-bs., 7"

What would happen if you mixed the Fat Wreck Chords sound with Green Day? Bracket! Very happy poppy sound. Really good, but it sounds like they use an echo pedal on the vocals which sounds annoying. The cover makes fun of Pearl Jam too. If you like the pop-punk sound than this is for you, although I think they've signed to a major label now... (WD)

(Fat Wreck Chords; Box 460144; San Francisco, CA 94146)

Buzzov.en-Sore, CD Only

Although the four minute sample in the begining is annoying the rest of this album is really cool. Buzzov.en continue to drone on and on and sound like a cow dying. It's incredibly slow, sludgy, and powerful. A real winner for fans of the Melvins and similiar bands. (WD)

(Roadrunner Records; 536 Broadway; New York, NY 10012)

The Candy Snatchers/Gimcrack-split 7"

This is straight forward three-chord punk rock. Pretty '77 with sort of a garage feel to it. GimCrack leans much more towards '77, and The Candy Snatchers lean much more towards the garage side. Both bands are really good, and go great together. Cool team up! (WD) (Stiff Pole Records; Po Box 20721; St Pete, Florida 33742)

Corduroy-Now Hwat, 7"

This is one of those hard to explain poppy bands. They're really good, and they have a really unique sound. It's almost like pop punk with a hard folk edge. It sounds weird, but it has to be heard to be believed. This is a keeper. (M.B.)

(Broken Rekids; P.O. Box 460402; S.F., CA 94146-0402)

Daltonic-Phantom music and Voices, 7"

The first of the 3 songs on this 7" starts off pretty weak, like it's trying to be that "new school" H.C. sound, but then the chorus kicks in and the old school influence becomes apparent. I could imagine getting this record back in '89 and loving it. Miss those old youth crew back-up vocals? Well here they are! I would put this stuff on a tape with Side By Side, Walk Proud, and Unit Pride for those days when I feel like wearing cut off camo shorts and reminiscing about "Those days, those fucking days". Bonus points are given for the Misfits skull on the side 2 label. (DL)

(Vigilance Records P.O. BOX 44169 Tucson, AZ 85733)

Dezterter-7"

Yes, the same Dezterter back from ten years ago. If you heard the MRR LP with them be prepared for something a little different. This time they have a female singer and the music seems more thought out. This record will make you jump around your room and try to sing along but you can't cause it is all Polish. Unfortunately my copy has

no translations and that is really upsetting. The world doesn't revolve around the English language I guess. (EA)

(Nikt Nic Nie Wie, P.O. Box 224, 41-900 Bytom, Poland)

Dogs On Ice-Salt Wound, LP

This is a really great pop-punk 3 peice band that has a lot of engergy. It sort of reminds me of a mix between Jawbreaker, Face to Face, and the early Decendents. It is really melodic and catchy, which makes you want to listen to this CD often. Definately one of the better recent releases.(DS2)

(Allied Records PO BOX 460683 San Francisco CA 94146)

Dogpound-Junkyard, 7"

The musicianship is okay but the singer seems to be trying too hard. All I can think is that they are from New Jersey; perhaps Bon Jovi's influence was too largely felt. I can tell he's into some heavy duty posturing and I can't even see him. Is that unfair? I hate giving a totally bad review so I will say the last song of four, "So Be It" is the most listenable, an anthemic speedy thrashy kind of thing normally up my alley. But they placed it last on the bill and by that time nothing could save them from my cold, heartless keyboard.(KF2)

(Black Pumpkin Records, POB 676; Totowa, NJ 07512)

Doughnuts-Equalize Nature, CD

This is an All-female Straight Edge band from Sweden, and y'know, they're pretty damn good. I know that this is so typically American of me but I usually really dislike European Hardcore. I don't know what it is.... maybe if they would sing in their native languages instead of English it wouldn't usually sound so silly. (And we all know that Hardcore is NEVER supposed to sound "silly") This CD, however, comes in at the top of the heap. When the singer screams instead of sings, she even sounds good to my jaded standards. I like it, even if I don't know what the hell they're talking about. (DL) (Desperate Fight Records, Kemig 16, 90731 Umea, Sweden)

Down By Law-punkrockacademyfightsong, LP

The best Epitaph release since NOFX's "White Trash, etc." This is amazing. It's not your average Bad Religion sound-alike, either. This is melodic hardcore with more of a punk rock punch. The lyrics are cool, the music is cool, the CD is amazing. Buy it. (M.B.) (Epitaph; 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111 Hollywood Blvd.; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Driftwood, 7"

Interesting. Kind of hardcore, kind of "Sister" period Sonic Youth, a little nuevo wavo thrown in for good measure, and a vocalist who sounds like Paul Westerberg half the time and like a food processor when he's not. Each time I've listened to it I've liked it more, which is always a good sign. They sound like a band with a bunch of pretty interesting ideas, which is rare enough these days to warrant a mention. Add to that the fact that they're *actually* willing to write a halfway decent song (though at this point they're not as good as I'm guessing that they'll get) and you get a band worth checking out. Hell, they have one song (called "Flicker") which I'm find myself humming, a distubing thought once you listen to the song. And you

should. (DC)

(Monopoly Records, 4954 Read Rd., Moorpark, CA 93021)

Drunk in Public/Freedom of Few-split 7"

Drunk in Public is a very fast, pop-punk band. They sound like a cross between double-time Screeching Weasel and No Use For A Name. Freedom of Few does two live songs that sound like a mix of the Misfits and Fugazi. The Vocals are very early Glenn Danzig like and there is a lot of muting and Fugazi stuff instrumentally. Pretty cool release. (WD)

(Wet and Reckless Records; Po Box 655; Lompoc, CA 93438)

The Dummies-Rock Attack USA, 7"

Punk rock with a heavy low-fi beer-drinkin', fast drivin', rock and roll influence. A-side, "Play Loud," steals a classic rock riff and sounds musically like a lesser developed Sloppy Seconds song. The B-Side is a slower, more angry sounding song, which picks up pace at the end. If I didn't know it was on Empty I would swear it was on Estrus. Pretty cool. (BVH)

(Empty: PO Box 12034 Seattle, WA 98102)

Everglade, 7"

...sort of like Helmet or some other AmRep kinda thing except the guy screaming at the top of his lungs actually doesn't pretend that he has something to say — which is a sizable improvement. "It wasn't all that dumb!" repeated at length over a lockstep riff is much funnier to me than, say, Rosanne. A pretty decent 7", though one gets the impression that they're much better live. Of course, most of these riffmonger bands are better live, which is less a comment on their songwriting than a comment on the unrelenting power of heavy riffs played at earsplitting volume. And these guys have riffs that will tear holes in your intestinal walls, move your pancreas to a place south of your pelvis, and generally neuter your yet unborn children. If that sound appealing (and hell, I enjoy it) then you should check this out. (DC)

(Mintone, 161-26 Crossbat Blvd., Suite 150, Howard Beach, NY 11414)

Exene Cervenka- Wordcore #7, 7"

This is only the third wordcore seven inch I've heard. Out of the three I've heard, this is definitely the most performance arty. A lot of multitracked voices, and cymbals crashing. I dunno. Maybe it takes a little more patience than I've got. (DS)

(Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418 Olympia, WA 98501)

Face To Face-Disconnected, 7"

Really good pop-punk with personal lyrics and catchy songs. These sound a lot like their song on the Lookout! comp. that I liked, and it also sort of sounds like Sinkhole I think. This isn't really my favorite kind of music but if you like other Face To Face releases, you won't be disappointed with this one. (DS2)

(Fat Wreck Chords PO Box 460144 San Francisco CA 94146)

Face to Face/Horace Pinker-split 7"

I've heard some weird shit about Face to Face recently. About how they used to be Glam Metal spandex people and that they got into punk rock because they saw it as a way to make money. I don't know

if that's true or not, but I do know that they fucking rock!!! Face to Face is a great pop-punk band that sounds a lot like Rhythm Collision. They do one original and a cover of the Violent Femmes "Blister in the Sun." Horace Pinker is a melodic band that bares so many resemblances to Samiam that I wouldn't be surprised to find out that it was a side project of theirs. Overall it's a great power-pop release. (WD)

(Rhetoric Records; Po Box 82; Madison, WI 53701)

Fells-Amped, 10"

GREAT fuzzbomb punk from this Arizona band-this was an unexpected winner! Reminds me of Gaunt with a bit of 60's punk influence-super fuzzed out guitar sound, maxxed out recording levels, and catchy songs... Every song is a winner, and it's good enough to tape for repeat listens while cruising around town. Get one! (SW)

(Westworld; PO Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)

fiddlehead, "The Deaf Waiter" CD

Seven songs recorded in Chicago by Steve Albini, mixed in Athens. It has a raw tinny sound which could come from the fact that I was listening to it on CD, not Albini's medium of choice. Very moody and urgent vocals, with that stop/start quiet/loud emo thing. At first it did not really grab my attention but I ended up listening to it three times in a row before I took it out. Now here I go again making a comment that doesn't belong in a professional record review: the four boys in the band look very young and I think they are all very cute. Sassy, take note! (KF2)

(Allied Recordings, POB 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146)

Fiendz-Everybody's Favorite, 7"

These songs remind me of a not-quite-as-catchy Mr. T Experience. The singer can carry the tune and the band is having a lot of fun, but the hooks just aren't forcibly seizing your brain like the very best stuff. The songs are pleasantly melodic, so this isn't a bad release by a long shot; it's just not the creme de la creme. (SC)

(Black Pumpkin Records, PO Box 676, Totowa NJ 07512)

Fleas and Lice-Parasites, 7"

This is a cool, throbbing hard-core band from Holland. Dual vocals make it excellent with one guy and one gal. It's sorta like Discharge, but more complex and much cooler. It also comes with a huge insert/poster and patch. All in all this is a great 7". They also have one of the coolest song titles of the year: "Rave is your grave." (WD)

(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Floor/Spazz-split 7"

Floor is a noisy slow sludgy melvins/buzzov.en type bands. While on the other side is Spazz an ultra-violent, fast band. This makes up a truly interesting and diverse 7". The only problem I think there might be is that some people might listen to only one side. But no matter what; it's awesome. (WD)

(Bovine, Po Box 2134; Madison, WI 53701)

fluf-Skyrocket, 7"

This is a cool looking picture disc that features fluf's trademark punk rock on it. They're the bridge between punk and Nirvana (in a good way). They're a noisy "hawd koa rock n roll" band that is just damn good. (WD)

(distributed by Cargo)

Four Point Star-Stranger's Ways, 7"

This 7" immediately reminded me of a bastard cross of J Church, Parasites, Corduroy, and a little bit of Fugazi on the second side. At times it is extremely melodic, while at others, it's discordant. However, It's enjoyable the whole way through. It's the kind of 7" that makes you smile. Especially when the "na na na's" come on. (M.B.)

(Broken Rekids; P.O. Box 460402; S.F., CA 94146-0402)

Fuzz-7"

Pretty heavy driving punk-rock with pissed off sounding lyrics. These guys seem like they have a lot to say but the music bothers me a little bit. Worth checking out. (DS2)

(PO BOX 13546 Tucson, AZ 85733)

G.N.P./Jermflux-split 7"

Both bands are wierd hard-core bands that deserve better recordings. G.N.P. is Birmingham, AL's oldest punk band (about 13 years) and still can barely play their instruments and they do a weird cover of the Jeopardy theme song. Jermflux is really scarily wierd hard-core with a female singer. a Wierd release! (WD)

(\$3; Thedford Records; Po Box 21310; Oakland, CA 94620)

The Geezers-welcome soccer hooligans, 7"

This album's purpose is to make fun of all the hype in the world. mainly world cup soccer crap. though the lyrics were pretty funny ("would you please do us all a favor, overdose on ecstacy if you call yourself a raver") and it was on grey marble vinyl...the music did not impress me at all. i can't really think of a nice way to say yuck...so i'll just say yuck. (KF)

(retain and expel records po box 31264 chicago, il 60631-0264)

Good Ridance-gidget, 7"

Any band that would name their 7" after gidget and have sound bits from the show and pictures of her all over the place is cool in my book...even though the lyric sheet is a little tough to read with her picture in the background. i wouldn't enjoy seeing this band live...i know that half of the people there would be there because they like the poppy side of good ridance and they would want to enjoy the show in peace...maybe tap their foot or nod their heads some. the other half would be there to see good ridance's hardcore side so they would be moshing it up and crushing the poppy's feets and heads. you could tell they spent a little too much time trying to make the lyrics thoughtful and they ended up cliching and rhyming all over the place ("what you get is what you see until there's nothing left for me"...the cause has left us leaving nothing but effect"). the music was pretty catchy though. (K.F)

(\$3; little deputy records po box 7066 austin texas 78713-7066)

Goodwrench-s/t, tape

This is a cool metally hardcore band from Boston. When I got it I popped it in my car and was thrashing the whole drive. They're a pretty typical Boston harcore band, but they're damn good at it. Three songs with a hard-edged stop start feel. Keep up the good work guys! (WD)

(Jesse; 516 Western Ave; Brighton, MA 02135)

Government Issue-Make an Effort, 7"

This is a re-issue of the classic for losers like me who were to lame to get it the first time (or just really young). This is great influencial straight edge hardcore that is required listening for any punk. No Way Out and Tenager in a Box are the stand out songs on here. (WD)

(THD Records; 2020 Seabury Ave; Minneapolis, MN 55406)

Hellkrusher-Fields of Blood, 7"

More Skuld crustcore that stays along the lines of Anarcrust and Luzifers Mob. This definately kicks ass and is crusty shit-punk like only Skuld can release. This is also on cool orange vinyl and contains 4 songs which are all pretty damn good. You can even understand the lyrics. The drums are also really cool and these guys even seem like they know how to play their own instruments. Will says they sound like Discharge but I think he's an idiot(not to insult Discharge tho'). (JE)

(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

IAbhorHer-s/t, 7"

This is a Slap-A-Ham release, which basically tells you that I probably like it and that it is grindcore. IaborHer are one of the heavier bands in the grindcore scene not concentrating on blazing speed as much as almost death metal like heaviness with some of the coolest drums I've ever heard. They have that Septic Death kindof sound just about 5 times heavier. This 7" scares Matt, so it must be pretty damn good. (JE)

(Slap-A-Ham; P.O. Box 420843; San Fransisco, CA 94142)

Iceburn -s/t 7"

If you are familiar with Iceburn, you know what to expect. If you aren't, you probably won't like this. Iceburn gets progressively (and I mince no words using 'progressive' to describe Iceburn) jazzier with each recording. I can handle two songs well enough (even though one song is an "excerpt of a live show"). At least this isn't another double twelve inch. (DS)

(Art Monk Construction PO Box 1105 State College, PA 16804-1105)

J Church- Prophylaxis, 12"

Although I've been listening to this record non-stop for two weeks, I just noticed that it also comes with a 7" slipped discreetly in the packaging. Wow, that makes one MORE reason why YOU MUST GO OUT AND BUY THIS RECORD RIGHT NOW! This is an absolutly fabulous record, definitely the best J Church release to date. The lyrics are even better than your average J Church lyrics (including one song that is too close to home for me). If you haven't heard

J Church yet, you have to get this record, I can assure you that you won't be dissappointed. (DS)
(Broken Rekids PO Box 460402 San Francisco CA 94146-0402)

Kepone-Ugly Dance, LP

Musician-quality punk rock with a noisy slant. Like a cross between Hedgehog, NoMeansNo, and at times, the Melvins with a lot of hard rock'n'roll undertones. The music is very jazzy and intricately arranged noise-punk, with perhaps one of the most amazing punk rock rythm-sections I've heard in a long time (Read: NoMeansNo). The matching bass and drum fills on the opening track, "Loud," must be heard to be understood. The vocals have a definitive hard-rock/classic metal sound, which reminded me of my hescher days when I was like twelve. Who knows? Maybe I still am a hescher...(BVH)
(Quarter Stick Records: P.O. Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625)

Kids Meal/Growing Up Gomez- split 7"

Whenever I get a split seven inch, it always turns out that one side is really good and one side is really not. This theory holds true with this split. Kids Meal is has a pretty original Emo/Pop sound that got my tail wagging. Growing Up Gomez tries more for the pop than the emo and it just doesn't work as well. Worth picking up for the Kids Meal side though. Plus, both sides of the record have pictures from Star Wars! (DS)
(The Buddy System PO Box 49514 Austin, TX 78765)

Kill Devil Hill, 7"

This two song seven inch is hard to explain. The music is definitely blues like but has the energy of punk rock. If you haven't seen them live you will like this 7" a lot more because they are so damn good live. This band is tight, not like in a production way but the feeling on this record is that of three musicians connected by the warmth and love of rock and roll. Look for a full length LP out soon. (EA)
(KDH, PO Box 6065, East Lansing, MI 48824)

Lean - "Unresponsive" 7"

I saw Lean recently and was really impressed. Live they reminded me of Samiam, except that they had this frantic energy that one would usually associate with bands on Gravity (or in that vein). So I bought this record from them. Recorded they sound a lot like older Jawbreaker. I could see this band getting really huge if they stick with it. (DL)
(Ruprect Records 10 Manstor Manor Bear, DE 19701)

Lincoln- s/t, 7"

Although this is no replacement for the out of print Watermark 7", this is still Lincoln so it is still unbelievably good. Lincoln, in my opinion, is one of the best bands to come around in recent years and it's damn too bad that they didn't stick it out. This record was recorded some time ago, and Lincoln has since broken up. They go beyond the Emocore sound into something very much their own. Plus, the drummer makes the best faces in the world, two of which are captured in the record's packaging. Pick it up, you probably won't be sorry. (DS)
(Art Monk Construction PO Box 1105, State College PA 16804-1105)

Luzifers Mob-s/t, 7"

I first heard these punx on the 'Close Your Eyes and See Death' comp with my fave band Capitali\$t Casualties on it. They are one of those infamous German grindcore bands, but damn they do it well. This is really fast grindcore with some really cool vocals that are pretty high for grindcore, but work well with the music. Luzifers Mob does a good job of combining slower heavier stuff with blazing speed and kind of keeps in the middle of those aspects. They remind me quite a bit of Hated Principles or maybe a less heavy Destroy with different vocals. This is definately a great grindcore 7" and I recommend you pick it up really soon. (JE)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Man Dingo-itive, LP

This really reminds me of J-Church... The vocals, the music, the arrangements... they all have that same J-Church feel. Although a bit more poppy and less emo/moody, this disc has a lot of catchy, hooky, pop-punk sing-along-as you bounce up and down on your bed-type songs to bring you out of that bad mood after a hard day of smashing the state. Check it out. (BVH)
(DR. Strange Records: P.O. Box 7000-177, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Mens Recovery Project- Make A Baby, 7"

Sam McPheeters has been up to no good with Mens Recovery Project. This is pretty much crazyness. MRP is a two piece (I looove two piece punk bands) with guitar and a keyboard playing drum machine beats. This is no Ray and Porcell though. You're SUPPOSED to know that they are using a keyboard. Anyway, all in all it's a pretty entertaining listen, but I can't say that I listen to it all the time. The lyrics are really good though (what did you expect from Sam). And the record is worth picking up for the cover art alone. (DS)
(Vermiform; Po Box 12065; Richmond, VA 23241)

Merel-S/T, LP

No surprises on this record. Think Ebultition sound and then find their older 7" and listen to that. This is a short playing record with the emo sound we have all grown to love(?). I really liked their first release a lot and I was really excited about this record but some bands can pull of great 7" records but few can do a full album. I have heard they were great live but this record doesn't capture that. The lyrics are very personal and damn good reading. This isn't really a bad record and I would still recommend it I just really wanted this to be as good as their previous stuff. (EA)
(Gern Blandsten, 305 Haywood Drive, Paramus, NJ 07652)

Nausea-Lie Cycle, 7"

A re-release of an old 7" on Graven Image. Yer basic Discharge meets Motorhead style thrashorama on the first side, while the flip sounds like a medium Neurosis tune. Never saw what was so great about this band myself. Competent, sure, but these songs are widely available on the Nausea mega-cd on Selfless, why not do a record by a GOOD BAND THAT IS AROUND NOW??? Drop Dead or Spazz wipe the litter box with these guys anyways. (SW)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 7039 Gerlingen, Germany)

Neglect - 5 song CD

Total Hate-core, but in this case the vocalist seems to be hating mainly himself. Lyrics like, "I was meant to be aborted, misshaped and contorted, I would have been better off", are the norm. These guys are from New York. Stop for a minute and imagine what this probably sounds like..... Yep! That's exactly what they sound like! If you're a fan of Sheer Terror and Biohazard then this is for you. (DL)

(We Bite Europe, Gonninger Str.3, 72793 Pfullingen, Germany)

NOFX-Don't Call Me White/Punk Boy, 7"

Melodic head-bobbin' beats on white vinyl. The first song is an apology for being' part of the stinkin' majority—"I ain't part of a conspiracy, I'm just yr average Joe...I'm just so fuckin' ordinary white." The second song/side is a quick but clever little one-off about the baddest punk in town with the best couplet I've heard in a long time: "Gotta face like Charles Bronson, Straight outta Green Bay, Wisconsin." These guys are proof that simple and fun doesn't mean stoopid. (KF2)

(Fat Wreck Chords, POB 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

NOFX-Punk in Drublic, LP

NOFX continues to rock hard and keep blasting their original style of melodic hardcore that started the genre. For this album they continue to change and they've spread up a little bit, but they definately haven't lost their zany humor. NOFX is the juggernaut of melodic hardcore, they're simply unstoppable and can never do anything wrong. (WD)

(Epitaph; 6201 Sunset Blvd. suite 11; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Noneleftstanding -Laura, 7"

Hmmmm. I like Noneleftstanding a lot. I've seen them a whole bunch of times. But this seven inch sounds NOTHING like NLS. What's up? It's as if none of them could make it to the studio on recording day, so they just took some people at random. OK, maybe it's just the mix, but that doesn't explain why Tim, the singer, just sounds NOTHING like Tim, the singer. Wow. I just don't know what to make of this. Aliens perhaps? (DS)

(Rhetoric Records 516 Highland Ave. Madison, WI 53705)

Noodle-fatass meets scatman chuck, 7"

This 7" was not for me at all. i'm sick of music that (i hope) is all a joke. the cover art was stupod and disgusting. the music was terrible. i do not like 90210 at all and even i though the song "i had a wet dream about the girls from 90210" was just dumb. If you're going to have a band to purposly play bad music...keep it to yourself. (KF)
(\$3; Little deputy and stud records po box 7066 austin texas 78713-7066)

Oblivion-Stop Thief!, LP

Great pop punk with an original feel to it. I heard one of their 7"'s a long time ago, and I thought it had a jazzy feel to it. But that's not it. It's better than average, and most definitely does not get boring like some pop punk records. Singalong choruses make this fun for the whole family. (M.B.)

(Johann's Face; P.O. Box 479-164; Chicago, IL 60647)

Pachinko-Deep Inside, 7"

I met Brad of Rhetoric Records at a show he set up while I was visiting Madison. It was a great show, and it really started me on the path to the music that's my favorite now. I've looked out for his label ever since, and been very happy with it. Horace Pinker and Still Life are now two bands that I love... But this record really threw me for a loop. It's really heavy Am Rep type stuff, but played a little faster. At first listen, I didn't really like it, but after a while it grew on me and now I think this record is pretty damn swell. Plus it looks cool. (M.B.)
(Rhetoric Records; P.O. Box 82; Madison, WI 53701)

Parasites-Pair, LP

The parasites continue with their sugary sweet punk rock that ends up sounding like a distorted version of the Beatles. This is one of their best releases yet, but they've actually all been really good, so how can you draw the line? Anyways, if you like sweet pop-punk then this is for you. (WD)

(Shredder Records; 75 Plum Tree Ln. #3; San Rafael, CA 94901)

The Phuzz-This Punk Called Rock, 7"

Can anyone say snotty, stupid, three-chord punk rock? This is really cool, although the drums could be louder. The singer is by far the best part of the band, he is just plain out AWESOME!!! Especially the back up la la la's. It's great (WD)

(Kantzalis Records; 1034W. "i" st.; Ontario, CA 91762 #173)

Physics, 7"

There are 11 members listed in the credits of this San Diego outfit, so by sheer power of numbers they have a more than a little buzz built up down here. If you are looking for something truly different, this is it. All moody instrumentals, the label is unmarked and I have no clue as to what the song titles are (if any) or which goes first, but one was heavy on rhythm and percussion, very edgy and anxious. The second began and ended with the sound of chirping birds, with throbbing guitar, clanging drums, sort of muted and distorted, in the middle. It reminded me of the movie, "Black Velvet," although I couldn't explain why. I know it shouldn't count, but I must mention the gorgeous all-black packaging. I look forward to seeing them live soon. (KF2)

(Dagon Productions, POB 17995, Irvine, CA 92713)

Pivot/Bureau of the Glorious, 7"

This is exactly what I was hoping for. Pivot plays total cool laid back melodic-emo-punk with many a sample. It is amazing. It made my day. Not to mention BOTG who crank out great discordant emo with a female singer. It fits together so well, I can't speak. You must buy this 7", if only for the chorus on the BOTG side, not to mention everything else. This just makes me want to sit outside and spin records until I can't anymore. The 7" of the month. (M.B.)

(Sunney Sindicut; 915 L Street C-166; Sacramento, CA 95814)

Plaid Retina-What I Can't Have, 7"

I had never heard Plaid Retina before this record, so I didn't really

know what to expect. All I knew is that a lot of people don't like them and they have a lot of stuff out. The music on this is cool, Bass driven stuff, at times falling into experimental territory with keyboards and samples. The vocals are pretty damn annoying, though. Plaid Retina are sort of like Punk's Iceburn, I guess. (DL)
(Little Deputy Records P.O. BOX 7066 Austin, TX 78713-7066)

Plainfield—"One Through Eight/PCP Headquarters" 7"
The A-side (this single has two "A-sides", so I'm being arbitrary) sounds like a guy who hasn't taken his lithium recently ranting at a bus stop, only with a guitar line. Amusing. The B-side (see above) is more of the same, but instead of just being non-linear, the ranting is about cutting up a woman. Not funny at all, guys... (SC)
(Bovine, PO Box 2134, Madison WI 53701)

Polio-Hercules, 7"
Distorted scratch and screech guitars, a furious rhythm section, and vocals that get a bit over dramatic in spots. "Ice Axe" rocks with a mean Big Black style guitar volley, "Action:Reaction:" pummels maniacally in a NoMeansNo-ish way, but the third song doesn't continue the energy of these two. Has both lyrics and song "explanations" (also 'ala Big Black) for those inclined, and the cover is printed on an interesting textured stock to round out this bands' debut e.p. Solid noise from Texas. (SW)
(\$3; Turkey Baster Rec's; 6403 Johnny Morris #12; Austin, TX 78724)

Potatomen -On the Avenue, 7"
I am in love with the Potatomen!! This seven inch is absolutely wonderful!! A day hasn't gone by since I got it that I haven't listened to it at least twice. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm a freak when it comes to music, and many of you punk purists probably won't like this one iota. It is electric/acoustic pop punk, with a definite cowboy influence. It's not country. Before country there was a style of music sung by lonesome cowboys, it was sad and melodic and slow. The potatomen are all that, only punker. Plus, the lyrics seem really intelligent AND funny. Way to go. (DS)
(Lookout records PO Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712)

Propagandhi/I Spy-split 10"
I love Propagandhi. When it comes to melodic hardcore there is virtually none higher. They are an incredibly talented band and great to see live. The first song on their side is a real surprise though, because it's like death or something. It's just weird! I Spy has the same sort of sound as Propagandhi so their side is a real treat too. Two great political melodic punk bands on one ten inch. (WD)
(\$6; Recess Records; Po Box 1112; Torrance, CA 90505)

The Queers/Pink Lincolns-split 7"
Great live recordings of each band. If you don't already know they're both awesome snotty pop-punk bands. The Queers do 5 songs, one of which is unreleased. Pink Lincolns do one original and cover "suck my left one" by Bikini Kill. This should be heard! Comes with a zine too actually mine didn't! (WD)
(Just Add Water, No address)

Quincy Punx-We're not Punks, but We Play Them on TV, LP
Cool album title and that's not all. They are a goofy hardcore band that is funny and really good. The best way I can describe them is "the FYP of hardcore." They also cover a GG Allin song (Don't Talk to me) to complete an awesome album. (WD)
(Recess Records; Po Box 1112; Torrance, CA 90505, and THD Records; 2020 Seabury Ave; Minneapolis, MN 55406)

Rag-Junk, 7"
Not a single for those with attention deficit disorder. When something is happening, this isn't bad at all; it's got a female singer I like & some interesting guitar work. However, there's too much time spent noodling in these songs and I just lost interest in most of them. (SC)
(Mint Tone Records, PO Box 30931, Seattle WA 98103)

Raw Power-Screams from the Gutter After Your Brain, CD
This is 2 Raw Power LP's crammed onto one CD and it packs quite a bang. This is damn good early 80's hardcore the way it was meant to be, fast, somewhat catchy, and punk as fuck. It's classic 5 chord screaming punk at it's finest. Raw Power sounds a lot like what Discharge might have sounded like if they had known how to play their instruments. This is a MUST buy and is true punk rock at it's finest with power, speed, anger, and disgust. (JE)
(WestWorld; Box 43787; Tucson, AZ 85733)

Rupture-Baser Apes, 7"
Ok grindcore fans get ready. These guys are VERY fast, very loud, and very scary. You know what I mean...What scares me even more then their music is that I think they wish they were death metal...oh..well, it's a cool slab o' vinyl. (WD)
(Slap a Ham; P.O. Box 420843; San Francisco, CA 94142)

Schlong-Punk Side Story, LP
Yep those zanny Schlong boys are at it again but this time they pulled some friends in the studio and covered the West Side Story musical completely redone. This is brilliant, even if you haven't seen/heard the original you will laugh at this one. Most surprisingly though is the wonderful singing by the two female singers, Melissa from Rauool and Katrina from the Jaks. If you know Schlong that you know what to expect, if not then get a clue. Even a rewritten story comes with the record so slap this piece of vinyl on your turntable and read along about Maria and those wild Jets. (EA)
(Hopeless Records, 15910 Ventura Blvd, 11th Floor, Encino CA 91436)

Shroomunion-ADV-M9 loves ADV-M, 10"
...remind me of the kind of band I used to occasionally see at the lower links in Chicago where everyone in the band wrote poetry which they'd sing/scream over varying levels of fugazi-lite and chiming guitars done up in weird tunings. This is not a slam. In fact, some of those bands were exceedingly entertaining, with that kind of artsy power that only people who actually take themselves seriously can

have. Shroomunion fit that mold — hell, anyone who can write a lyric like, “a priori, you wear your crooked halo well/there’s whiskey in your water, dear” gets my immediate vote as Bob Dylan of the ‘90s. Shroomunion (which also has the benefit of a memorable, albeit fatuous name) rock pretty decently too, although with enough slow parts (with chiming guitars, of course) to satisfy indie rock fans from here to Lee Ranaldo’s house. And, just like with old SY, I like the male singer more than the female singer. All in all, it’s pretty damn good and worth getting, even if it does have a song with the lyric “in motion, I am moved without moving,” which sounds like Bastro before Clark Johnson took a B06 poetry writing class. (DC) (Monopoly Records, 4954 Read Rd., Moorpark, CA 93021)

Skiploader-Sprainy, LP

Playing in the Jawbox-meets-Fugazi bracket, Portland locals Skiploader have crafted 13 thoughtful and catchy works of post-punk glory. Sounding quite a bit like a much more pop-driven version of Jawbox, Skiploader mixes Fugazi-esque bass lines, soft-scratchy sounding vocals, well-felt drum hooks and lots of catchy little guitar noises and melodies. The production has a very polished live sound, which enhances the dual guitar tricks and the clean drum sound. This is a CD only release, but well worth it for fans of the above mentioned influences. (BVH)

(Schizophonic Records: 233 Commercial St. NE, Salem, OR 97301-3411)

Sleepy Lagoon D.C.-The Higher You Rise, 7"

Three powerful songs on this platter from Germany. This is one of the most honest hard-core records to come out in the last couple months. Each song hits hard and makes you want to play it again. I wouldn’t dare compare this stuff to anything in the U.S. they deserve better. Lyrics tend towards the emotional side. Though it maybe hard to find seek this record at once. Highly recommended. (EA) (Goar, Grindelallee 139, 2000 Hamburg 13)

Slint-Untitled 2-song CD

Not being the biggest Slint fan in the world, I’m not sure if this is a re-issue of a previous release or what. But, seeing as there’s no layout, and the Date on the songs in 1989, I’ll just assume it is a reissue... Included are two instrumentals which go along those loud-soft-really noisy-soft type arrangements. I like this material better than the Spiderland L.P., as it has more hooks and better noisy bursts, but it still fails to keep my attention for very long. Fans of Slint surely won’t be disappointed by this release from one of the main pioneers of this style, but then again, if it’s a reissue they probably have it already...(BVH)

(Touch and Go: P.O. Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

Spavid-7"

I got to play with Spavid on tour and they played very hard. After returning, this record found its way to my turntable and it captured their sound very well. Very Jawbox like, the early stuff with one guitar. Three songs with the kind of lyrics that while reading them make no sense but at the same time you know exactly what is being said. A full length album out on Humble (formerly Word of Mouth)

very soon. (EA)

(Cash Cow P.O. Box 1332 Buffalo, NY 14231)

Spoke - “All We Need Of Hell” CD

This CD rules! It starts out totally Groovin’, sort of like Phleg Camp used too, with that upbeat, bass-driven, emo style. Little Fuel-like bits start to come through, too. Then, at track 5, this poppy, slightly 80’s new wave influenced creeps in and it comes across awesome. The CD jumps around between these different sounds, and by track 10 I’ve decided that if these guys had been around back in the 80’s John Hughes would have put them on the soundtrack of at least one of his films. “Some Kind Of Wonderful”, maybe. I listen to this every day. (DL)

(Allied Recordings P.O. BOX 460683 San Francisco, CA 94146)

State Of The Nation-Objective Complete, LP

This band contains ex-members of legendary Hardcore bands Hard Stance and Inside Out, but don’t let that give you any ideas about what this will sound like because they will be prove to be wrong. S.O.T.N. are not quite “Poppy” and not quite “Emo”, in fact, I don’t really know how to categorize this other than to call it Rock. Well, sort of, but not quite. Somebody said that they sounded like Jones Very. I never really liked Jones Very much, but I love this. Also included with this CD is information about The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee and The Western Shoshone Defense Project., and addresses for both so that you the consumer can find out more for yourself and possibly get involved. This is a GREAT record, get one. (DL)

(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810)

Strung Out-Another Day in Paradise, LP

I hate to stereotype this awesome band, but they are a typical Fat Wreck Chords release which (I think) is a huge compliment. Great melodic hardcore that reminds me a lot of Lagwagon, but sorta different. I like it... because it rules! (WD)

(Fat Wreck Chords; Box 460144; San Francisco, CA 94146)

Suspects-s/t, 7"

Four tunes of ‘77 inspired punk rock n’ roll. They rely on crunchy chords for the majority of the songs, which detracts from the energy level of the songs, until they kick up some dust on “Mommy”, only to turn in a mediocre three chord punker. No lyrics, boring cover, and they spent \$800 to record four songs? Uhhh, better luck next time guys. Lost in the pack at best. (SW)

(Torque Records; 3510 N. 8th St.; Arlington, VA 22201)

Team Dresch- s/t, 7"

I looove this seven inch! These are slow and wonderful acoustic/ electric songs that make my head swim when I listen to them. The melodies are really creative (I wish I could say the same about the lyrics but there is no lyric sheet and I am terrible at decoding what people are singing) as are the guitar parts. Punk or not, this is just beautiful music that makes me feel good. (DS)

(Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418 Olympia, WA 98501)

Teengenerate-s/t, 7"

All hail garage rock! These guys make you wanna boogie the night away. They are more on the supercharger, bad-recording, side of garage. Nice and slow with a bluesy feel. they rule. (WD)
(Dionysis Records; Po Box 1975; Burbank, CA 91507)

Three Mile pilot-The Chief Assassin to the Sinister, LP
Very original and intriguing stuff coming out of San Diego. The vocals are sort of droning, raspy and drawn out, spooky almost. Intense lyrical content. Weird instrumentals, one song has some middle-Eastern type riffs, bagpipes on another. In some spots it sounds like Drive Like Jehu on morphine. How can you resist a record packaged in a burlap sack, with a different photo stitched onto each copy? Lovely blue-sky vinyl and lyrics inside. This is 3MP's last indie release; apparently they were just signed to Atlantic. I just can't believe that a major label weasel would like this sort of thing but I don't mean that as an insult to the band at all. Buy now, figure it out later. (KF2)
(Negative Records, c/o Jason Soares, POB 90711, San Diego, CA 92169.)

Thug-Broken/Lost it, 7"

Noisy as fuck hardcore, blistering vocals which sound a lot like the vocals on the Integrity L.P., but even harsher (if you can imagine that), constantly feeding back guitar, and heavier than hell. These guys must be painful live... (BVH)
(Bovine: P.O. Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701)

Universal Order Of Armageddon-The Switch Is Down, 12"
When UOA is good, they are very very good. When UOA is bad, they are very very bad. Unfortunately, this record has much too much of the latter and too little of the former. I don't know what it is, but at times this record reminds me of the RED HOT CHILIE PEPPERS. God, for the most part this is really awful. (DS)
(Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418 Olympia, WA 98501)

Veruca Salt, Seether b/w All Hail Me, 7"

Power pop. Pretty good power pop, actually, in a Breeders kinda way, with two grls singing about morbid subjects in happy tones, over extremely catchy guitar hooks that are technically impossible to remove from your head once you've heard them. Not as good as some of the songs they play live, which are even catchier, and much closer to the perfect power pop to which they aspire, but certainly enough for any typical consumer if this is the kind of thing to pump your nads. The catchier songs which are not on this single will (undoubtedly) be on the album that every fucking major label in America is currently bidding on. They'll be huge in a matter of weeks, I guarantee it. In fact, since I started writing this paragraph, I've been told that they're in the current issue of Rolling Stone. Too late. (DC)
(Minty Fresh, P.O. Box 577400, Chicago, IL 60657)

The Vindictives-Rocks in my Head

The Vindictives best one yet! They are classic snotty pop-punk and Joey's voice is distinguishable anywhere. Three chord punk is here to stay with the help of the Vindictives! (WD)
(Lookout Records; Po Box 11374; Berkeley, CA 94701)

The Yah-Mos-Off Your Parents 7"

Fuck Yeah! The Yahmos are the most manic band since HUGGY BEAR. I love it! Although they are better live than on the seven inch, the record still delivers! This sounds like NATION OF ULYSSES on speed. Plus, the lyrics are pretty insightful. (DS)
(Recess Records PO Box 1112 Torrance, CA 90505)

Young Pioneers- s/t, 7"

Yet another bizarre project to rise from the ashes of Born Against. This time, instead of being rooted in sytho pop (MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT) it is based deep in country music!! Once again, this is a pretty entertaining record, but I don't think it will be stacked on my record player all the time. (DS)
(Vermiform; Po Box 12065; Richmond, VA 23241)

Zoinks!/Narcissistic Freds-Split, 7"

Zoinks! thoroughly covers the almighty pop-punk sound with a couple of slightly Green Day sounding pieces called, "False Face," and "New Shoes." The Narcissistic Freds have more of a Screeching Weasel/Queers thing happening, and do it very well with their three songs. Both bands are from Reno, Nevada and this five song 7" proves to be a pretty good representation of their respective sounds. Check it out! (BVH)
(Satan's Pimp Records: 1229 Ralston St. Reno, NV 89507)

Zygote-89-91, LP

If any of you punx who love Amebix want to get any more stuff by them, it's all hidden under a band called Zygote, which essentially IS Amebix. They sound almost exactly like Amebix except they get a little boring at times but all Amebix fans will love this LP. It has a studio and live side, with the live side even more Venom-esque than Amebix or the studio side. A damn good record, too bad Zygote didn't last much longer than Amebix did. This also comes with a huge poster to freak yer parents. (JE)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7; 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

V/A-400 Day Headache, LP

Proceeds from this record are going towards the Rainforest Action Network. If that isn't enough for you there are 15 bands on this record with so many different styles you are bound to love something on it. It is only \$4 ppd (the price of a lot of 7" records) and features outstanding tracks by J Church, Animal Farm, Gloo Girls, Assfactor 4 and Youth Gone Mad. My only complaint is that the record seems to be lacking enough information on its cause considering it took 400 Days to come out. (EA)
(Unite & Fight Records, 12336 uncg, Greensboro, NC 27413)

V/A-Comping an Attitude, 10"

Kids Meal kick out a killer Heroin style rager, Krayons play good melodic hardcore, and Figbash and El Santo turn in good tracks too, making side "Off" (the other side is side "Fuck", of course!) the clear winner on this comp of Texas punk bands. Good packaging in the usual Turkey Baster style, with a lyrics/graphics booklet, and it's even on splattered clear wax for you 10" junkies. (SW)

(\$3; Turkey Baster Rec's; 6403 Johnny Morris #12; Austin, TX 78724)

V/A-eMpTy Records Sampler, CD Only

I never realized how good the stuff on eMpTy was until I heard this. There's 11 bands on here and not a dud among them. They each play two previously released songs. Bands featured are: Crackerbash, Gas Huffer, Fumes, Girl Trouble, Meanies, Kill Sybil, Sicko, Zipgun, Steelwool, Sinister Six, and Putters. Great Comp! (WD) (eMpTy Records; Po Box 12034; Seattle, WA 98102)

V/A-Noise From Nowhere Vol. 10, 7"

This suffers from bad production. I'll state that outright. This didn't really excite me, and some of the bands were downright bad. This comp. is mostly made up of 3 chord punk rock 'n' roll bands, with some variety. The lyrics range from ultra-moronic to cool. It's good that they're documenting their scene, though. (M.B.) (Toxic Shock; P.O. Box 43787; Tucson, AZ 85733)

V/A-Resolve, 7"

This is the third in a series of compilation seven inches from a mighty fine label. Three songs by three totally different bands. Day Twenty-Eight, a female band doing the best song off their demo tape, unfortunately it is the same version. The best track is by the Deconstruction (from MI not the one with the famous people in it) this slower song makes you cringe and twist, powerful stuff. The flip side to this record was a disappointing, the song by Urban Farmers is long and slow and reminds me a lot of the doors. If you like that crazy, experimental stuff maybe you will like it. Two good songs out of three isn't that bad though and is worth your \$3 ppd. (EA) (Uprising Records, PO Box 4412, Ann Arbor MI 48106-4412)

V/A-The Smitten Love Song Comp., LP

This LP will be hot for many reasons. Twelve bands round off this comp. The LP comes with a seven inch so those CD buyers get no extra tracks (Thumbs up!). It starts off with Jawbreaker doing a wonderful song that proves that they can do no wrong. The Cherubs do a cover of "I Want Candy", hopefully you know the song. Other highlights include Godhead Silo, Johnboy, Grifters, Unwound and Steel Pole Bath Tub. (EA) (Karate Brand Records, PO Box 93296 Los Angeles, CA 90093-0296)

V/A-Stop Homophobia, 7"

A four band comp featuring Fagbash, Pansy Division, Happy Flowers & Bads, all of which have gay members (no pun intended, silly), with a booklet containing writing, lyrics, comix, graphics, and interviews about-you got it-homosexuality. Good concept, too bad the music on here isn't up to snuff... I would have to say it's a toss up as to whether it's worth it or not. If you're a queer punk living in the middle of nowhere, this is probably a confirmation of life itself... I merely endured a medium to bad record and found out my pal Rick likes guys instead of girls. Doesn't make a bit of difference to me, I just wish there were good tunes to back up the great insert/booklet. (SW) (\$3; Turkey Baster Rec's; 6403 Johnny Morris #12; Austin, TX 78724)

V/A-This Inheritance Must be Refused, LP

Alright if you can get by the uselessness of a one sided record you may like this one. I think that this could of been a great 7" record. Why not get more bands I know that there a millions of bands who would give tracks for free. Okay, this record does have SpitBoy, The Ex, Paxton Quiggly, One by One, Citizen Fish, Spork and Dogfight so I was still excited. Unfortunately most of the tracks seem like throw away tracks except for the Spitboy track which is a different version of "Disfunction". A great zine like booklet comes with it that contains some great reading and the packaging deserves a high mark. I just don't like the thought of wasting half a record. (EA) (\$5 ppd. Hopscotch, PO Box 1962, Dearborn, MI 48212)

V/A-Turban Renewal, A Tribute to Sam the Sham & the Pharohs

This is one of those tribute albums that you are going to love or hate. I love it, while my roommate hates it. You probably know a lot more of these songs then you think. It took me a while to listen this double LP because it starts off with Wooly Bully by Hasil Adkins and it was real hard to stand that song. I think you get the point. With bands like Lyres, the Mummies, the Phantom Surfers, Devil Dogs and Teengenerate you really can't go wrong. No insert of any kind made me a little disappointed but really this is partying music not a record you examine with a fine PC tooth comb. (EA) (Norton Records, PO Box 646, Cooper station NY, 10003)

V/A-Viva La Vinyl, 12"

Two labels joined forces to put this record together, each compiling the tracks for their own side. Campground Records from San Diego throw together a pretty much traditional CA punk sound side featuring Preachers That Lie, The Kids, Tilt Wheel, Queen Mab, Nonsense, Jon Cougar Concentration Camp, Krupted Peasant Farmerz, Fighting Cause, and Sicko. Dead Beat Records throws together the better of the 2 sides with Verrucose, Sleeper, Bouncing Souls, Whatever (Best track on the record!), Trusty, J Church, and Tilt. This all adds up to make a far better than average compilation. This will only ever be available on vinyl so don't bother looking for the CD. (DL) (Dead Beat Records 1662 Loblolly CT #146 Kent, OH 44240. Campground Records P.O. BOX 15072 San Diego, CA 92175)

Hey Kids, in a band? Run a label? Let Punk Planet review your records!! Send them to:
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"Happy poppy punk with an old school tinge, kinda' like if the Beatles had been a punk band. Lots of catchy sing-alongs and choruses that'll stick in your head and come to mind at the most unsettling moments." Punk Planet

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"..With the CD case in my hand and the tunes blasting on the stereo, everything fucked up in the world seems OK for a while...You must get this if you at all like melodic, energetic, original, hardcore." Jason Schreurs, Terminal City

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"Quickly following up their 7" on Allied, New York Gods Sleeper, have crafted several melodic-tinged and emo-style hardcore sounding punk songs for your enjoyment. Songs range in style from ALL-esque power-pop to Bad Religion style harmonies and sing alongs. An exceptionally slick sounding piece of wax." Bret Van Horn, Punk Planet

"Preparing Today for Tomorrow's Breakdown" LP/CD \$7/\$10

Matt-07 does a little "fine tuning" of his own

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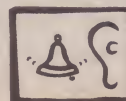
RER 005: Bugjuice Que Va! CD/CS. From the old school of Boston indie grunge-pop, a la early Dino Jr., Mission of Burma, et. al. 16 songs from this three piece; some fast, some slow, some loud, some soft. Get it, jerky.

RER 004: Sinkhole 7". 3 new, unreleased songs. Features the buzzsaw pop of "Donkey", the rage of "Alterna-Hunka-Shit," and the 80's cheese of Eddie Money's "I Think I'm In Love."

RER 003: Doc Hopper Aloha CD/CS. 11 songs filled with melody and frustration. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll pogo.

RER 002: Sinkhole Groping For Trout CD/CS. Call it pop, call it punk, call it rock, call it pop-punk-rock. *10 Things* calls it "beautiful."

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Here are the zine reviews for this time. And the reviewers are: Matt Berland (MB), Will Dandy (WD), Karen Fisher (KF), Dave Larson (DL), Dan Sinker (DS), Jim Testa (JT), and Bret Van Horn (BVH)

#2 FANZINE #1

You've all heard about Generation X, now here comes Generation Y (or maybe X: The Next Generation?) Anyway, editor Keith is "barely 20 years old," and uses his zine to ruminate on things he thinks about. That includes a lot of band interviews (Seaweed, Slant 6, New Bomb Turks, Edsel, Standoff, Yuppicide,) his thoughts on Nixon's death, reviews, a "where are they now" piece about tv stars of the past, and so on. Lots to read in this debut ish. (JT)
(Keith Werwa, 512 E 5 St #2/4, NY NY 10009 \$1))

3 WAY STREET #1

This is by Amanda and Sam, whom I assume are going together. Anyway, Amanda visits San Francisco, Sam interviews Rig, Sam rants about men's rights, they both review records and interview the person who runs the Anti-BBS. The zine looks really nice, esp. for a first issue. (JT)
(28332 PV Drive East, RPV, CA 90274, 2 stamps)

10 THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW #8

This is a consistently good zine out of the NW. This one has interviews with NOFX, Christopher Robin, Zoinks!, Victor (Chaos UK), Voodoo Glow Skulls, Unsane, and others. The interviews are very well done, and the rest is just ads and record reviews. Good. Not amazing, but good for what it is. (M.B.)
(\$1.50; 10 Things; 1407 NE 45th St. #17; Seattle, WA 98105)

99mm

Only a few short paragraphs and a few record reviews, not enough to say it's a promising start. I'd recommend gathering a little more stuff together before printing the next one. I like the colored paper, though. (KF)
(Send stamps for copy) 112 SE 18th, Oly WA 98501.

360 #14

A really well put together zine with good interviews and well-written reviews. Like everyone else on the (punk) planet, the

editors find themselves embroiled in the corporate-vs.-punk debate on the letters page, then move on to chat with fluf, Unsane, Uncle Tupelo, Slowdive, and Manhole. Good issue. (JT)
(PO Box 81623, San Diego CA 92138 \$1)

394 OCONEE #4

Pattie's R.E.M. fanzine comes with a color-xerox cover and a pull-out pinup of Mike Stipe this issue, along with an analysis of the lyrics to "Gardening At Night" and a history of R.E.M. t-shirts. (JT)
(Pattie Kleinke, PO Box 1026, NY NY 10023 \$3)

ABUSE #4

"Death & Dying Issue," how cheery. I wasn't even aware this kind of thing existed—I thought male art was Michelangelo's Davide, but no, it's a collection of different artists' works, mailed into one editor, who compiles the mail art zine and distributes it. This one's 104 pgs. with almost as many contributors. All pieces run along the same theme, all re-printed faithfully as the original submissions, ranging from funny, simple, riveting, psychotic, repulsive, smart. Some I cannot even finish (I am ultrasqueamish and sensitive.) The concept of mail art is fascinating but shaky; in this case it is not only a success but the individual pieces truly play off of and complement one another. A fine job by the editor. The first 350 orders receive not only the main zine but extra stickers, flyers, booklets and a 7-inch. Next issue (out this fall?): "Body Fluids, Body Functions." Do I dare? (KF)
(\$4) POB 1242, Allston MA 02134.

ADVENTURES OF A-GIRL #3

When I find something I like this much, I'm never quite sure whether to tell everyone or keep it as my own hidden treasure. I must resolve to share with the world, I suppose it's my duty. 16 pgs. of original comics; this issue features "Manga Hunt," A-Girl in Japan. A is for Adventure! Other issues available, too: collect them all! (KF)
(\$1 plus stamps) c/o Elizabeth, 120 S. San Fernando Blvd., #231, Burbank CA 91502.

(ALMOST) NOTHING BUT RECORD (TAPE & VIDEO) REVIEWS Fall '94

Mykel Board, the MRR columnist you love to hate, returns with what may be the last issue of his peripatetic reviews-only zine. There are skillions of reviews of things Mykel gets in the mail (except he won't review anything on a major label.) This issue also comes with a short cassette of spoken word performances by Mykel. (JT)
(Seidboard World Ent., Box 137, NY NY 10012 \$2.50)

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED #6

A newsletter-style zine dedicated to porn, although there isn't a single dirty picture included. Instead you get essays on working as a bondage model, tips from a pro on making porn videos, a piece on why foreskins are better, and kinky letters from readers. (JT)
(Richard Freeman, 130 W Limestone St, Yellow Springs OH 45387 \$2)

BLINK #6

A nice mixture of personal and punk zineage, with lots of columns about non-musical matters, some local Miami news coverage, and then interviews with bands like Killdozer, Peach, and Sheer Terror. (JT)
(16901 NE 8 St, N Miami Beach FL 33162 \$2)

BLUE ROSES #1

Geneva Gano has put out a very moving first effort with Blue roses #1. Lots of very personal writings about her life and depression and confusion and relationships and everything that makes life worth living. Included in this issue: An article about Blake from Jawbreaker and how he seemed like the only one who could understand her depression, a very personal article about homosexuality and living through it in a small town, some cool fiction, some various reviews, a free mini-zine called "Josh" (which is one of the highlights, too), and much more. This is the kind of writing I aspire to. Highly recommended, write her a letter and make sure she keeps it up! (BVH)
(Send one dollar, comparable stamps, or a trade to: Blue Roses P.O. Box 7005 Stanford, CA 94309)

BOWLING FOR DOUGHNUTS #5

Xeroxed punkzine with Pennywise, No FX, the Meatmen, 7 Seconds, Offspring, Jermflux, opinion columns, reviews, comix, and photos. (JT)
(3115 W 6 St, Suite C Dept 103, Lawrence KS 66049 \$2)

BRV

This is basically a travelzine ala' Cometbus, about editor Al's adventures on the road, along with several pages of photos he took along the way and some zine contact addresses. The highpoint of this issue is the rear ender that gets Al and his carmates carted off to the hoosegow for a visit. (JT)
(11473 Chautauqu Tr, Brecksville OH 44141 \$2)

BURPIN' LULA

Reviews of all kindsa stuff. Cut and paste bits fill in any offending empty areas. The reviews are in no special order; records, zines and anything else they like and want to talk about are crammed in as tight as possible. Funny, different. Send them anything and they will review it. They dare you! I have to say, though, it's a lame name. (KF)
(Free! send stamps for copy) POB 14738, Richmond VA 23221.

CHAIRS MISSING

A really well written zine with very small print, with lots of interviews and reviews. This issue has Alcohol Funnycar, Arcwelder, Drive Like Jehu, Mule, Prisonshake, Rodan, and Seven Year Bitch. It's interesting how John Reis from Jehu totally wimps out of discussing exactly how Rocket From The Crypt and Jehu got signed to Interscope for megabucks while making it sound like the most punk-rock happenstance in the world. (JT)
(Aug. 94) (PO Box 522, Stratford CT 06497 \$3)

CIRCA #1 and 2

A messy little half-size scene still in its infancy but with a lot of promise thanks to the better-than-average interviews. Editor James Knoblauch asks Southern Culture On The Skids if they speak with the same drawl back home, for instance. And when he asks the Poster Children what they find stimulating in the arts these days, the

answer is "Computer hackers and Beavis & Butthead." (JT)
(216 Mayer St, Reading PA 19606 \$1)

CONSPIRACY COMIX #4

Not too many pages of hand-scribbled stuff, thoughts, cut'n'paste, no real comix. What's there is pretty good, esp. the hot dog haiku and the Eddie Vedder/Vetta comparison. I got lots of stickers and stuff stuck into my copy, which is always nice. #5 is already out, I hope she's expanded it somewhat. (KF)
(50¢ + stamp or 3 stamps or trade) 1015 Addison St., Berkeley CA 94710.

DEEP WATER #1

A really interesting new zine with nice layouts and offbeat articles - there's a piece about the Hegins (OH) Pigeon Shoot, a day when everyone in town goes out into the woods and legally shoots all the pigeons, a piece on the Nixon era war on drugs, an interview with Jimmy Johnson of Forced Exposure, and some reviews. (JT)
(PO Box 211, Danville PA 17821 \$2)

DUMPSTERLAND #6

After a full year in the making, Dumpsterland #6 finally comes out. It's absolutely huge (100+ pages) and is packed full of little doodle art, thoughfull and thoughtless writings, a No Empathy tour diary, and an enlightening article about the pseudo punks that hang outside of a Dunkin Donuts in Chicago. As with every Dumpsterland, it's an entertaining read, but don't go in expecting anything really meaningful. (DS)
(\$2.00 PO Box 267873 Chicago, IL 60626-7873)

ENGINE #2

I've gotten lucky with zines this month. A bunch of good ones. This is great. It's got neat stories by Lance of J Church and an interview with Dan O'Mahony. This is what a sXe zine should be. He's not preachy, just cool. Way cool. This is in a tie with Second Guess for my zine of the month. (M.B.)
(3 Stamps or Trade; Engine; P.O. Box 640928; S.F., CA 94164-0928)

ENVY THE DEAD #4

A crazy new half-size zine with inspired gonzo writing and layouts. And unlike most punkzines, these dudes even listen to hip hop. There are way too many articles to list

(and most of them are so off the wall that it would take forever to explain them,) but a few of them include a Lisa Suckdog experience, an ode to Robitussin (as a recreational drug,) four reasons why Public Enemy are the best rap group, and a review of the Beastie Boys that doesn't mention any of their music. (JT)
(PO Box 30033, Kansas City MO 64112)

FEMINIST BASEBALL #3

Big fat fanzine straight outta Seattle. Some interviews; lots of live show reviews (good); zine, book and movie reviews; story about M.K.F. Fisher; likes & dislikes, etc. But the highlight is tons o' record reviews, original and interesting to read in themselves even if you don't care about the music. All styles, not yer typical it sucks/it rules/sounds like Crimpshrine meets Buzzcocks crap. I have to admire anyone who listens to this many records and takes the time to write about them so thoughtfully. This one's marked Winter 93/94; there must be a new one out by now, no? (KF)
(\$3) c/o Jeff Smith, POB 9609, Seattle WA 98109.

FLATTER! #4

I love Flatter! more with each passing issue. This newest one talks about Jaina's trip to New Orleans with buddy Christine Shields; great letters section; 3 Day Stubble photo essay; makeup reviews; advice column; comix and illustrations by the aforementioned Ms. Shields, A-Girl Elizabeth Watasin and others; another original centerfold; and tons more little tidbits and idiosyncracies. I love the little fortune-cookie messages that are found on each page. Looking thru it for my review I realize I haven't finished all of it yet, so order your own copy godammit! Write Jaina Davis, your lovely and talented editrix
(POB 40791, SF, CA 94140-0791 and send \$2.)

FUH COLE #5

This is a cool fanzine here. There's stories about travelin, comix, and some homosexual viewpoints. There's also some of those "magic eye" things on the cover of what looks like a punk rocker. Anyways it's really cool and a fun read, but it's their last issue...oh well. (WD) (\$2ppd; Dave Houle; c/o Fuh Cole; Po Box 477765; Chicago, IL 60647)

GENETIC DISORDER #12

Theme: "Believe it or Not." Brenda Spencer ("I Don't Like Mondays") is on the cover! Yes, her killing spree was right here in America's finest city. Inside there are stories on other infamous SD bloodspilling butchers. Also a hilarious tale of editor Larry's adventure taking two high school girls to their prom. Super record reviews, as always. It's refreshing to read something that doesn't take itself too seriously but that's this funny and good. This is the best zine in town...dare I say the world?

(\$2+4 stamps, POB 151362, San Diego, CA 92175)

HEARTATTACK #2

The second issue of HaC finds Kent McClard re-thinking the goals and future of the magazine. What comes out of it is better than the first, but still lacks the spontaneity and originality that a zine of this format requires. I'm sure that will come with time though. A great interview with Los Crudos and an interview with Iconoclast, columns, and reviews. (DS) (\$1.00 PO Box 848 Goleta, CA 93116)

HERD #3

More mail art. Networking issue. Lots of letters and good historical essays on the mail art scene; discussions of male vs. female mail art. Send her stuff to print. Art from a xerox machine, what a concept. (KF) (\$2+stamps) c/o Jennifer Huebert, POB 395, Rifton NY 12471.

HINCKLEY #2

This is a great fanzine done by Tim, the lead singer of Avail. It's a great mix of personal stories, politics and history. There's also a few stories about when people have found guys masturbating.

It's all really cool and done well. (WD) (\$1 and 2 stamps; Tim; 1717 Main St.; Richmond, VA 23220)

KETTLE OF FISK #3

Small but multi-paged mail art/networking booklet. Has lots of addresses and references for collective art projects. Good background on the genre, but after getting whopped on the brain with Abuse (reviewed above), this looked kinda anemic. (KF) (\$1/trades too) c/o Afungusboy press, 16 E. Johnson St. #C, Phil PA 19144-1918.

LOUD AS HELL #2

This is by two high-school girls, Jenna and Anne, who write about all sorts of stuff: who they love, who they hate; the typical teen angst, female alternative style. I like anything handwritten that is crammed with lots of little tidbits (that way it takes longer to read and seems like more for your money). Plus I am a sucker for colored paper and they love Jaina from Flatter! as do I. (KF) (\$1+stamps) 2 Hathaway Lane, Verona NJ 07044.

MIDDLE GROUND #2

A cool just-outside-of-Berkeley zine. Loves Tiger Trap, Potatomen, Cometbus, and Crimpshrine. This guy has taste. A story and an interview with the aforementioned Potatomen. Wish it was longer. (MB) (50¢; Tyson; 13393 La Barr Meadows; Grass Valley, CA 95949)

MONKEYSHINE #3

This is a rad zine with an old Cometbus feel. It's got interviews with Fugazi, Born Against, and Citizen Fish. A definite good read. And I really like the layout. It's too short, I want more. Yes. (M.B.) (\$1 or trade; 85 E 19th; Eugene, OR 97401)

MOLE #7

A zine "by, for, and about the nihil generation," with fiction, comix, interviews with Cake Kitchen, Scrawl, Cop Shoot Cop, Jeffrey Lee Pierce, reviews, and a talk with someone who's a grip in the movies. They put a little different spin on the same old punkzine genre which makes this a good read. (JT) (PO Box Merrifield VA 22116 \$3)

MUDFLAP #6

Revolution bike style now! Lots of super comics, Toronto bike scene report (good),

Eastern European travel tales (even better), reviewed bike messenger novels (so many!), super funny interview with Al Sobrante, story by Aaron Cometbus—let's just say in this issue, all the features are hilites. This is one of my all-time faves, just stop me now before I go into my ranty, ravy thing which makes me look like a spaz. You will like it lots, OK? (KF) (\$1+2 stamps) c/o Greta, 2629-19th St., SF CA 94110.

NICE HAIR #1

Fuck Yeah!! This is the first solo outing for Kim Bae, who has been contributing to Dumpsterland for years. It's absolutely rules!! Really well written personal pieces, great photos, cute little drawings, and an interview with Joey Vindictive & Jenny Gee about being punk rock parents!! Pick this up, you probably won't be disappointed, I wasn't! (DS) (294 Churchill Northfield, IL 60093)

NO LONGER A FANZINE #5

Editor Joseph Gervasi has made NLAF one of the most consistently well written and interesting zines around, especially because his penchant for speaking his mind and being open to all sorts of controversial ideas often inflames P.C. types. This issue includes interviews with the editor of Fuck Zine, white supremacist James Mason, a tour diary, hate mail from readers, a piece about working in a library, and lots more. (JT) (142 Frankford Ave, Blackwood NJ 08012 \$1)

NOT EVEN #5

Great. What else does one expect from Not Even fanzine? This is one great zine, and #5 is no exception. Just the right mix of personal and political, funny and serious. Pick this one up!! This issue features an interview with a women's self defence teacher, and plenty of thought provoking articles. (DS) (PO Box 18119 Washington DC 20036-8119)

OCULUS July/Aug. 94

Mad Libs with the band Tree, 7 inch reviews, interviews with Engine Kid, Fudge, Brian Eno, and fluf, all wrapped up in clean, modern layouts. Classy. (JT) (PO Box 148, Hoboken NJ 07030 \$1)

ONE IS SILVER & THE OTHER IS GOLD #1

A silly 8-page punkzine with a Bedspins intvw and a test to see how PC you are.(JT)
(625 SW 10 Ave #291B, Portland OR 97205 2 stamps)

OPTION PARALYSIS #3

This issue reveals the secret identities of the Men In Black (turns out they're Jake and Elwood, the Blues Brothers,) pieces on hockey and baseball mania, live reviews of Superchunk and Luna, and record reviews. Interesting layouts. (JT)
(Marty Langley, 8114 Adair Lane, Springfield VA 22151 \$1)

OUT OF THE LOOP #1

Weird. A christian-pro-life-skate-punk-zine? I like the handwritten stationary thing he sent me (plus two points). I hate the rigid missionary christian pro-life stance (minus a zillion). Interview with the Bollweevils, but... I don't know. Well, no I don't think so. Sorry. (M.B.)
(Free; Adam; 4700 S. Barna Ave. Apt. 102; Titusville, FL 32780)

PEACHES AND HERBICIDE #5

This is a neat zine with some cool personal writings (the best being about weird sites in the mid-west) along with plain-old crazy stuff written about washing laundry, ESP, and Taco Heaven. Also included are interviews with Assfactor 4, Kent McClard. This was a fun zine to read and it reads quickly. (WD)
(75 cents; Mark; Peaches and Herbicide; PO Box 49514; Austin, TX 78765)

PEECH FUZZ #3

"The Family Issue" actually deals with more than one issue. Screw record reviews and all that crap (sorry guys). You know, anyone can listen to 30 7-inchers and BS their way thru (witness my pitiful attempts herein) but some people can actually write stuff about life and love and thoughts and how people are, without making it sound stupid and boring like I am now. Creepy styley comix and other neat stuff. I love interviews of "normal" people! (KF)
(\$1+stamps) c/o Leyna Papach, 3836 Wyandotte, KC MO 64111.

PUMPKIN SEED #5

A punk zine with a short attention span - everything is in big type and no more than a page or two long. Unwound, Bridget Cross, Trumans Water, Edsel, and lots of reviews.(JT)
(229 Westmount Blvd, Thornhill, Ontario, CANADA L4J 7W2 \$2)

R.A.D. #3.14

Musings and rantings on the music scene by the Rev. Keith A. Gordon, including a long chat with singer Sass Jordan, rapping about rap, a review of Manic Pop Thrill, and well-written reviews. Definitely a little different and worth reading.(JT)
(826 Old Charlotte Pike E, Franklin TN 37064 \$2)

RAGE #3

Fiction, poetry, and think pieces on a variety of subjects, from writer's block (from the editor,) to Kurt Cobain.(JT)
(PO Box 1289, Lk Worth FL 33460 \$2)

RATIONAL INQUIRER #1

A new newsprint zine that's trying to keep Miami on the map, now that the area's most well-known zine, Scrape, has called it quits. MRR-style layouts and poetry, fiction, columns, interviews with Splat and Cereal, and reviews. A nice start although it's a bit too much like all those other MRR-inspired zines around.(JT)
(2050 W 56 St #32-221, Hialeah FL 33016 \$1.50)

RESEARCH FANZINE #3

fka "Crusade!" fanzine (still keeps some but not all its sXe ties). Political musings, interviews & essays. Editor Dave Grenier's heart is in the right place; he's taking on lots of issues (someone has to). Centerpiece is the interview with Viq Martin, editrix of Simba zine from Britain. I think maybe Dave is trying too hard to prove his lame theory that feminists are reverse sexists. To declare that it's sexist to believe women must be in charge of women's organizations? Why not just elect a white man as head of the NAACP or next chief of the Navajo Nation? Carl Karcher for PETA, or Ted Kennedy as AA spokesman? But I'm quibbling with his politics and not the zine, which is work well done, thoughtful and thought-provoking. Plus I feel sorry for him trying to be a punk in Arizona. (KF)
(\$2) POB 44169, Tucson AZ 85733-4169.

ROLLERDERBY #15

Can Rollerderby still be reviewed with the rest or has it achieved risen-cream status? Surely issue after issue of this has proven that Lisa Crystal Carver is goddess of all zinestresses and muse of the masses. But this issue bears scrutiny for at least two reasons: first, she proclaims her availability as leader of Generation L (Kurt C's dead and he didn't want the title anyway; we changed from X to L cuz X'ers are boring and don't want to accomplish anything important). Key Gen-L Manifesto Points: No Losers, Whiners Get Killed, and All Females Wear Makeup (preferably blue sparkly eyeshadow). Second peculiarity of this issue is that Lisa steps aside after her editori-L to let two co-editors write most of the rest of the issue. "Girls + Horses" is the theme. Childhood memories and other horse tails. (KF)
(\$3) POB 18054, Denver CO 80218.

RX: DEATH #1

A cut-and-paste zine dedicated to death. This issue is devoted to clippings about Kurt Cobain's suicide. It's actually kind of interesting to read what daily newspaper writers and national columnists (like the NY Times wonderful Anna Quindlen) had to say at the time, like the small-town rockcrit from Charleston, SC who says that Kurt Cobain's singing was "almost" as good as Axl Rose.(JT)
(PO Box 642, G.C. SC 29445 \$1)

SCHEMATICS #1

sXe zine with all interviews: Avail, Iconoclast, Earth Crisis, and graphic artist John Yates. (JT)
(3017 Barnhard Dr #209, Tampa FL 33613 \$1)

SCREAMING FROM INSIDE

#3
This could be called Carissa Explains It All, since the editor's name is Carissa and most of the zine is given over to her ramblings on life. There are also letters, short interviews with Avail and Naked Aggression, and reviews.(JT)
(PO Box 13044, Mpls MN 55414 \$2)

SECOND GUESS #11

Rad, rad, rad. I love this zine. I have a few previous ones, but this is my favor-

ite. Pissed off rantings, and a cool Zoinks! tour story. Bob Conrad is a good writer, which makes for good reading. Donny the Punk tells a sad story of prison rape that is necessary reading. It's big. Get it. (M.B.)
(\$2; SG; P.O. Box 9382; Reno, NV 89507)

SHAMPOOP #3

I just got this in the mail right before deadline so I haven't finished reading it yet, but there's a long and interesting travel diary in here, mixed in with random thoughts and clips of this and that in between. One of Matt of Cool Beans!'s favorites (he makes some cameo appearances). Looks good! (KF)
(\$2+stamps) 318.1 Mission #113, SF CA 94110.

SLACK #8, #9, #11

A really nice looking desktop zine with tidy graphics. Every issue has a centerfold of the editors' current listening faves and then a theme to the rest of the issue. #8 is dedicated to beer, #9 to dead rock stars; #9 includes True Crime stories. All do a good job covering their themes. As the editor says, slackers work harder than anyone else, they just don't like to work 9 to 5. (JT)
(%Wizard Graphics, 466 Woodward Ave, Buffalo NY 14214 \$2)

SOUND VIEWS #30

Once again a very comprehensive look at the New York underground. It's zines like this that help fuel the whole thing. Plus, as an added bonus, it's enjoyable to read. Mostly interviews, with: Wretched Ones, Don Fury, Murphy's Law, etc. A good read. Pick it up if you're in NY. (MB)
(Free in NY, \$1.50 ppd.; 96 Henry Street, Suite 5W; Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713)

SUCK! #6

Here's another zine that takes punkzine basics and turns them into something new and interesting. There's a lot of inside jokes about the local scene (didn't know Rochester had one, didja?) plus gossip plucked off the Internet, a list of official Sonic Youth guitar tunings, and lots of zine and record reviews. (JT)
(298 Oxford St, Rochester NY 14607 \$2)

SWEATER VEST #1

An emozine from the editor of the uber-

straightedge LEGION OF DOOM fanzine?? I had my doubts.... But actually this turned out to be really good! It seems to have been assembled in the midst of a major ideological shift for the author, which is an interesting thing to witness and to read about. It made me think, which is all I ask for in a fanzine. (DS)
(16801 S 92nd Ave Orland Hills, IL 60477)

THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION/ OUT OF THE LOOP-Split

I guess I ragged on Out of the Loop last time, so this time I gotta be nice. Well, he has less stuff about how he's Christian and Pro-Life (which is good), but it still comes across intolerant. Spirituality doesn't mean Christianity. The rest of it is a really cool skatezine with stories and pictures. A good effort. I like it. (MB)
(Stamps; TAGQ; 3118 S. Casper Place; Titusville, FL 32780)

THORAZINE #5

Increasingly pro-looking zine with a nice glossy color cover and a flexi-disc with cuts by Anal Cunt, Boredoms, Dixie Waste, and Eyehategod. This issue includes interviews with Mule, Luscious Jackson, and Joey Ramone, plus lots more. Crammed with text and features, and with the flexi it's a bargain. (JT)
(Box 571562, Houston TX 77257 \$3.50)

TVI#1

I hope this is not a one-shot. It's amusing and original as hell. Three friends sitting around analyzing MTV and other TV shows and music videos. MTV seems so silly and harmless and stupid til you really look at it for hours on end and realize the crap they're passing on as "art." We have in here transcriptions of las tres amigas' discussions as well as reprints of several on-line discussions featuring and commenting on Ms. Courtney Love, the indie scene, riot grrl, etc. Very well written, thoughtful and funny. More, please! (KF)
(\$1+stamps) POB 914, N. Hollywood CA 91603.

UNDERDOG ZINE #9

I'm laying it down right here. The Underdog Zine fucking sucks. This has absolutely no redeeming qualities, except for the fact that it is printed on newsprint, so I can recycle it! This magazine oozes with cooler-than-thou attitude and inside jokes. What's the point.

A word to all Underdog zine readers outside of Chicago: PEOPLE FROM CHICAO REALLY AREN'T THIS DUMB!! (DS)
(PO Box 14182 Chicago, IL 60614)

UPRISE #9

This is a really good zine that's was hard to describe last time, and is still hard to describe. It's humorous, and it's all done by this cool guy named Ray. He has a very odd interview with a riot grrl, scams, top tens, and opinions. Buy it, you won't regret it. (M.B.)
(\$1; Uprise; P.O. Box 1420; Sykesville, MD 21784)

WHITE BREAD ZINE #12

A nice mix of punkzine essentials and fun stuff - the band interviews include Trumans Water, Low, Grifters, and Teenage Velvet. And then there are tips on hair care, 15 cool things you can find in the editor's apartment, getting an HIV test, an open letter to MRR, and lots of reviews. (JT)
(RPO 4601, PO Box 5063, New Brunswick NJ 08903 \$2)

WRONG FANZINE #2

With only 2 issues out, Wrong has officially become my favorite 'zine. The entire thing is done by Peter Hart, who also does a smaller 'zine called Pumpkin Eater. Inside this ish. we find Peter interviewing Farside, reporting on the state of Hardcore in L.A., discussing such topics as drug legalization, bar codes, and religion, and lamenting the general sad state of Straight Edge. But, our boy Pete isn't one to just complain and offer nothing of his own as a solution. "Smart Edge" is good 'ole Mr. P's answer to the militant Vegans and firestorm lighters of the world. To find out more, buy this 'zine. Really, this is one of the most honest, intelligent, heartfelt, and thoroughly enjoyable 'zines that I have ever read. If you read one 'zine this month..... (DL)
(\$1.50 or \$1.00 + 2 stamps to Peter Hart P.O. Box 950271` Mission Hills, CA

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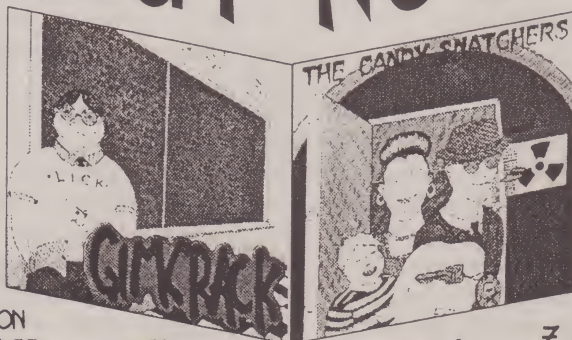
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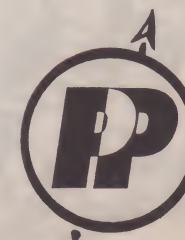
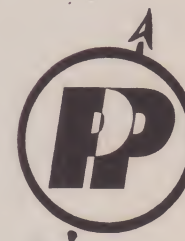
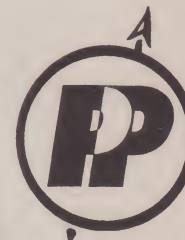
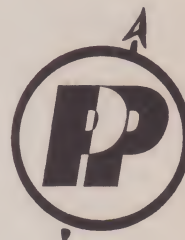
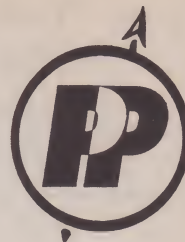
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